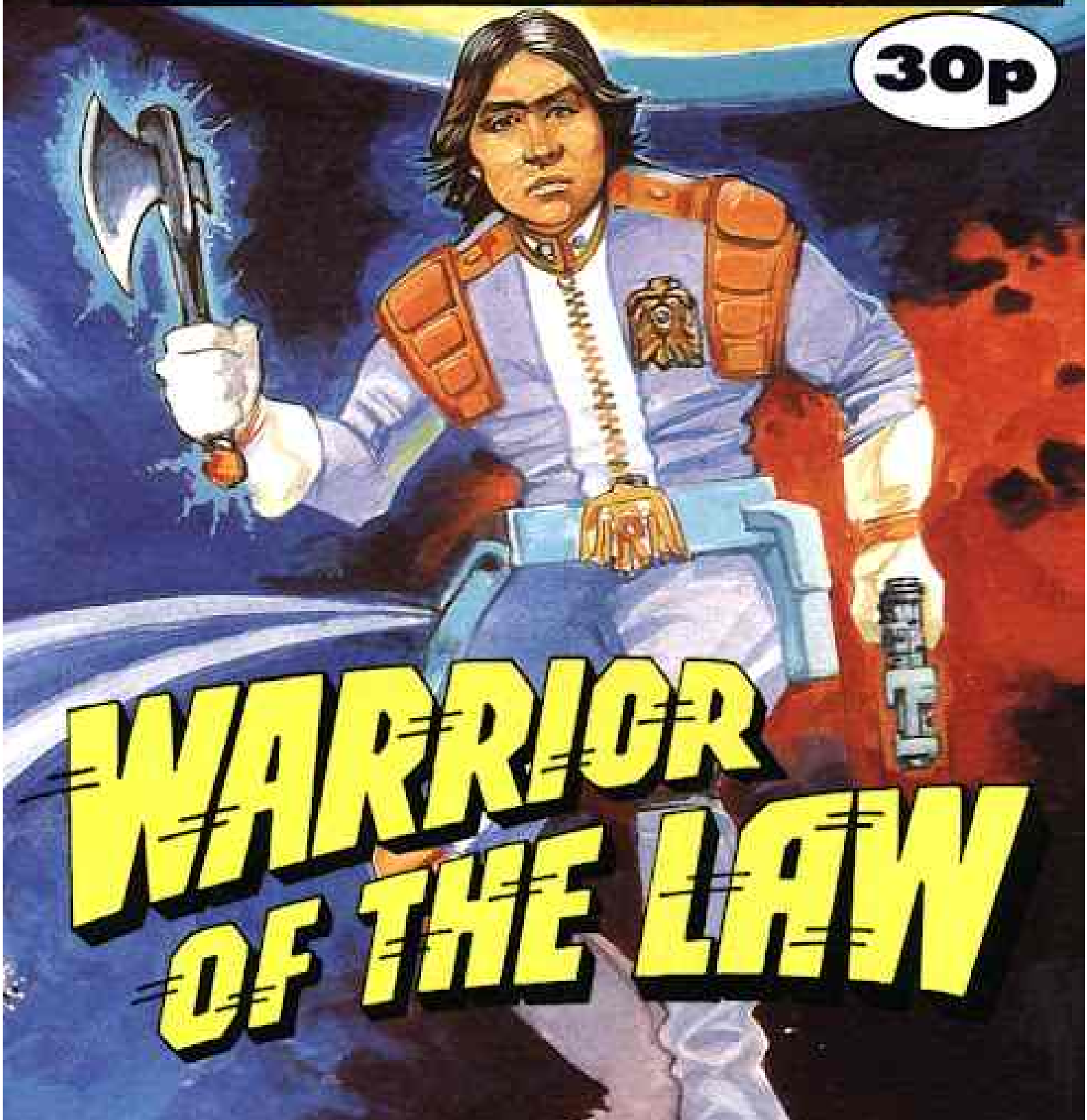
STARBLAZER

FANTASY FICTION IN PICTURES No. 236

30p



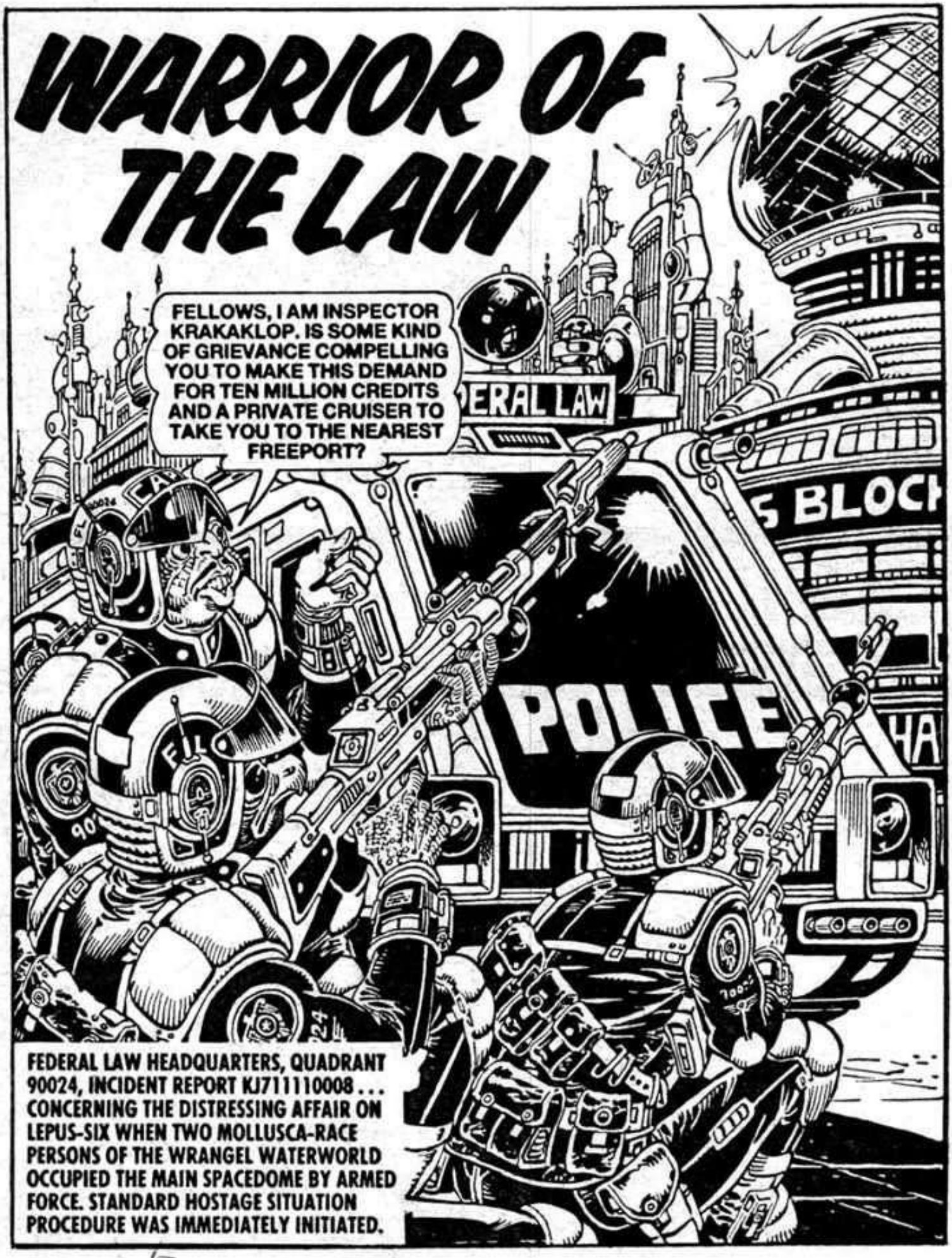
WARRIOR OF THE LAW

DON'T MISS

THIS MONTH'S OTHER ACTION-PACKED ADVENTURE

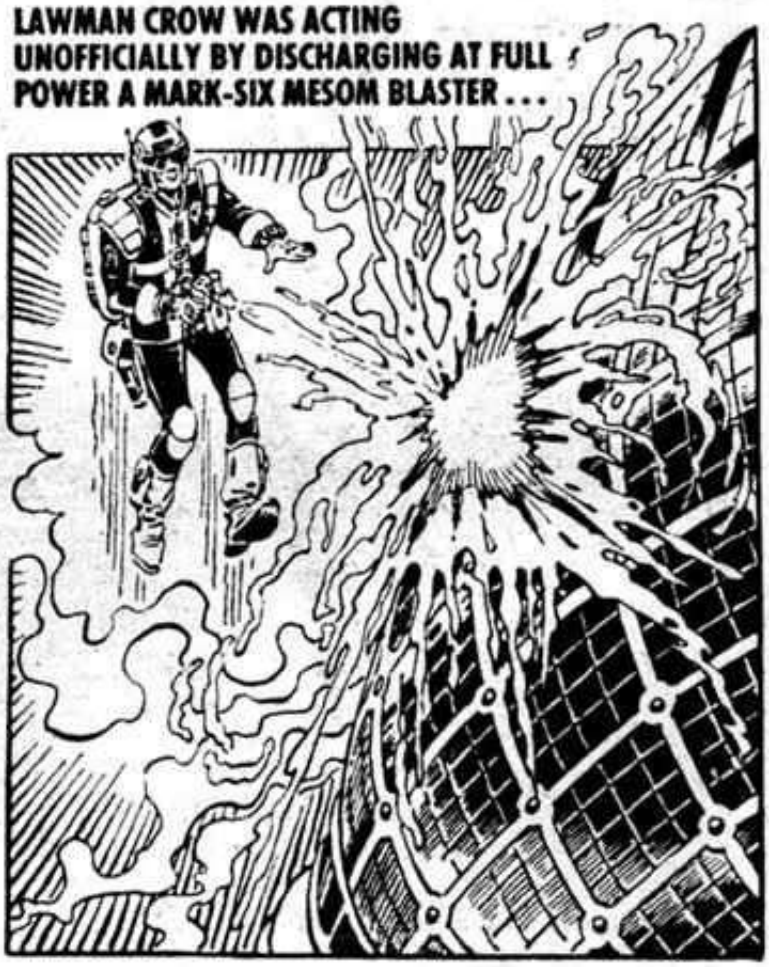
NOW ON SALE

WARRIOR OF THE LAW

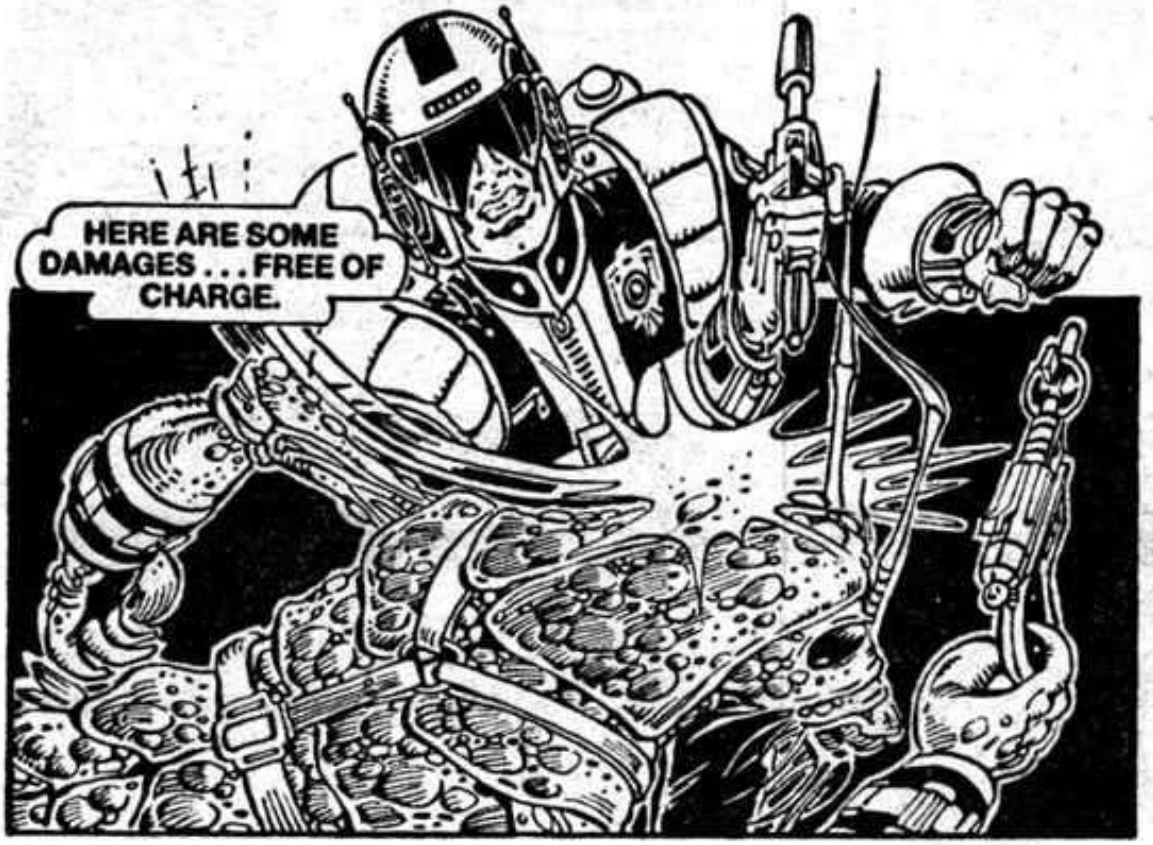


NO GRIEVANCE, KRAK — MERELY BUSINESS. YOU AGREE TO OUR DEMANDS OR TERMINATION OF HOSTAGES COMMENCES.

A ROUTINE PSYCHOBIOLOGICAL PROFILE OF MOLLUSCS WAS PROCEEDING, WHEN—
WHO IS THAT MORON BACKPACKING UP THERE?
LAWMAN CROW, SIR — THE NEW PROBATIONER.


LAWMAN CROW WAS ACTING UNOFFICIALLY BY DISCHARGING AT FULL POWER A MARK-SIX MESOM BLASTER . . .

LAWMAN CROW ADDED TO HIS BREACHES OF DISCIPLINE BY FURTHER DISCHARGE OF BLASTER WITHOUT WARNING OR QUOTING OF CIVIL RIGHTS TO MOLLUSC PERSON CONCERNED . . .



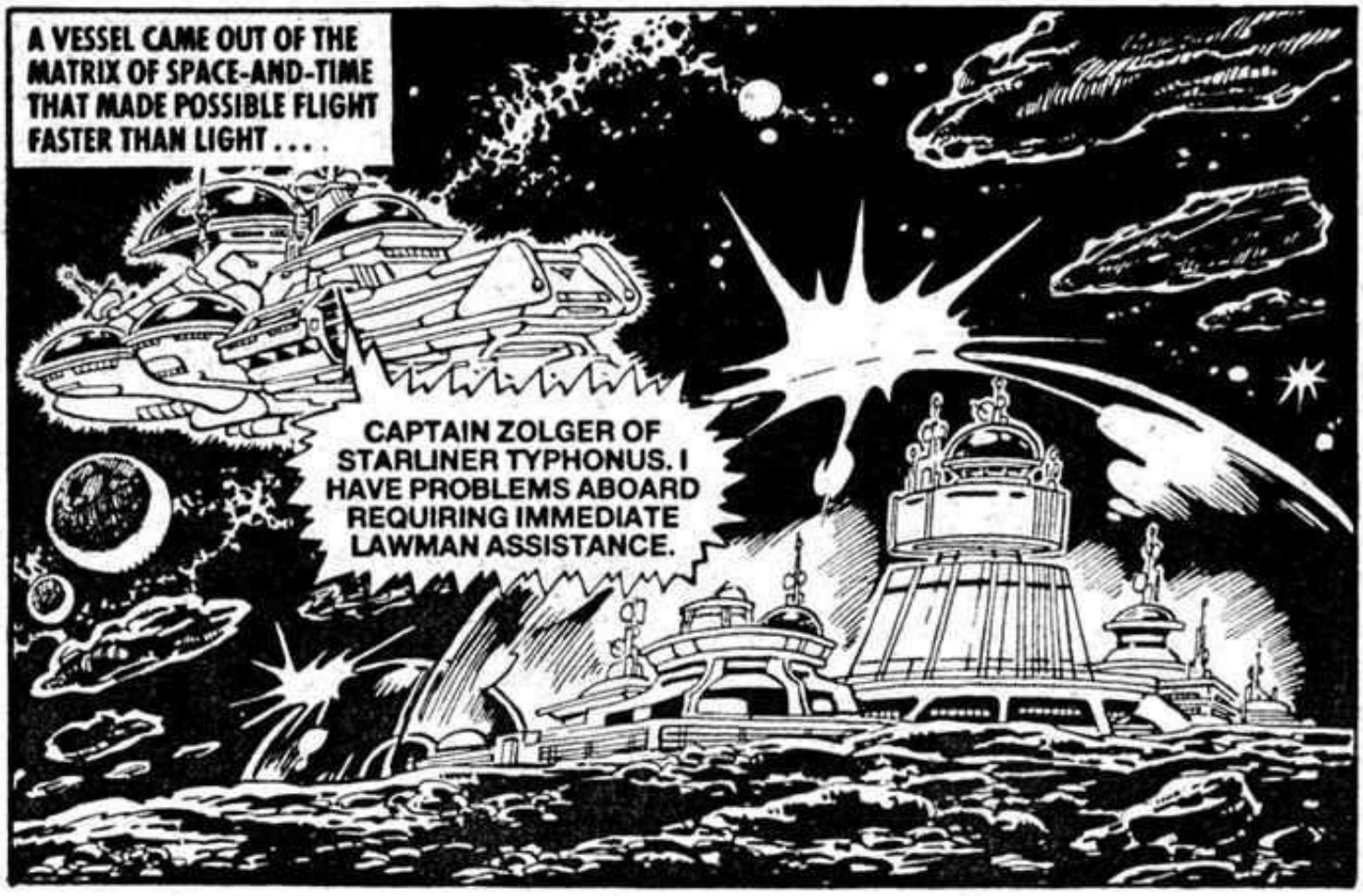
THE CIVIL SUIT WAS SETTLED OUT OF COURT WITH PAYMENT OF TEN THOUSAND CREDITS TO COVER EMOTIONAL STRESS AND PARTIAL CARAPACE TRANSPLANT. ONLY A GUILTY PLEA BY HOSTAGES PREVENTED THE COURT-MARTIAL OF OFFICER GERONIMO CROW, THE LATEST IN A LONG LINE OF COPS OF NORTH AMERICAN INDIAN DESCENT.

YOU DID A GOOD JOB, SON, BUT ALWAYS GO BY REGULATIONS. HOSTAGE SITUATION PROCEDURE HAS BEEN WELL TESTED.
AND FOUND WANTING!

YOU FULL FLOOD INDIANS ARE TROUBLE. NO RESPECT FOR THE BOOK . . . GET OUT OF HERE!

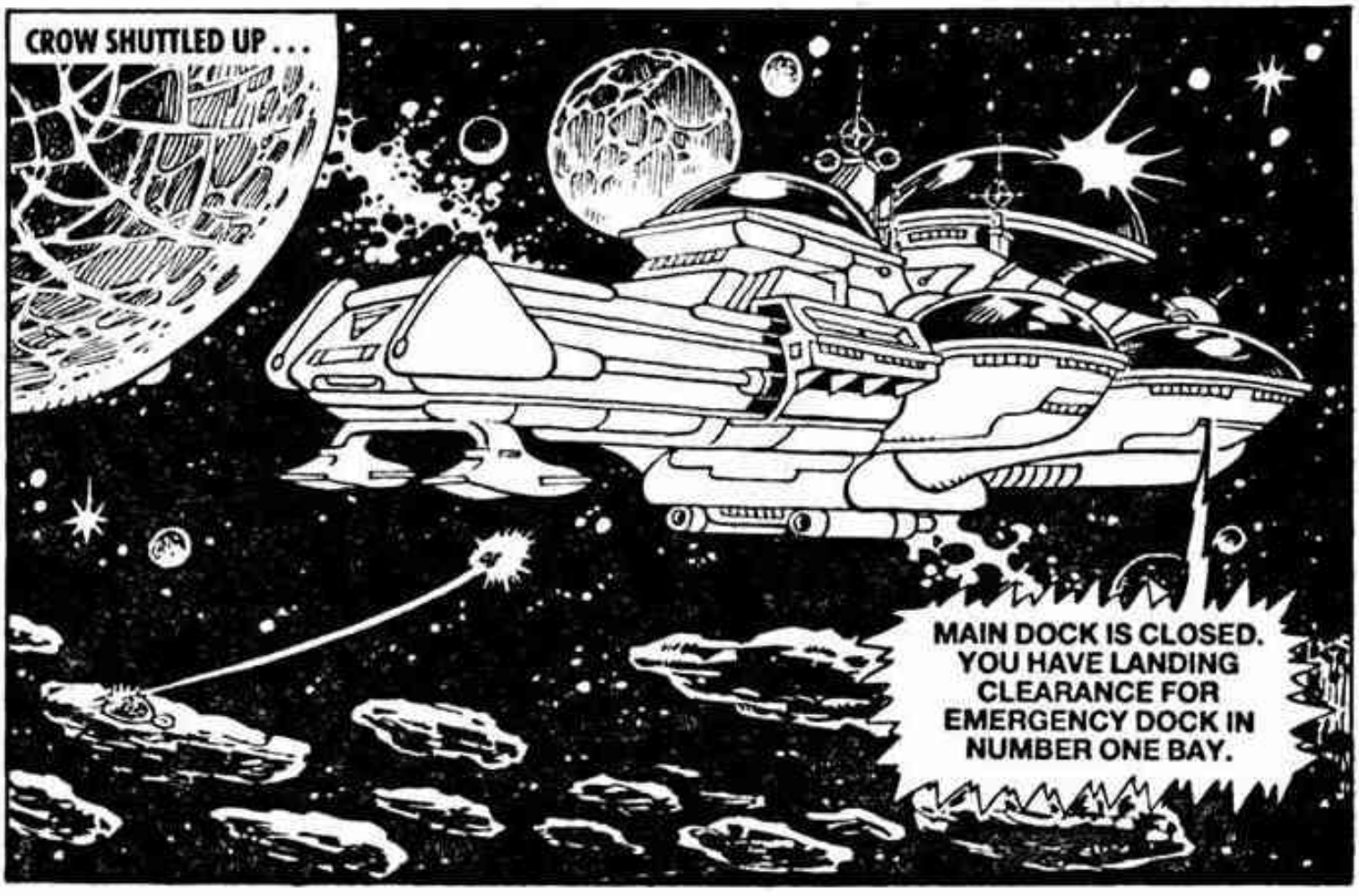
CROW WAS ASSIGNED TO TRAFFIC DETAIL — ON AN INTERGALACTIC HIGHWAY LIGHT YEARS FROM ANYWHERE—
THAT'S WHAT I LIKE ABOUT IT SON — THE PEACE AND QUIET SO FAR OFF THE HYPERFLIGHT CONJUNCTIONS. GIVES A FELLOW A CHANCE TO GET ON WITH HIS HOBBIES.

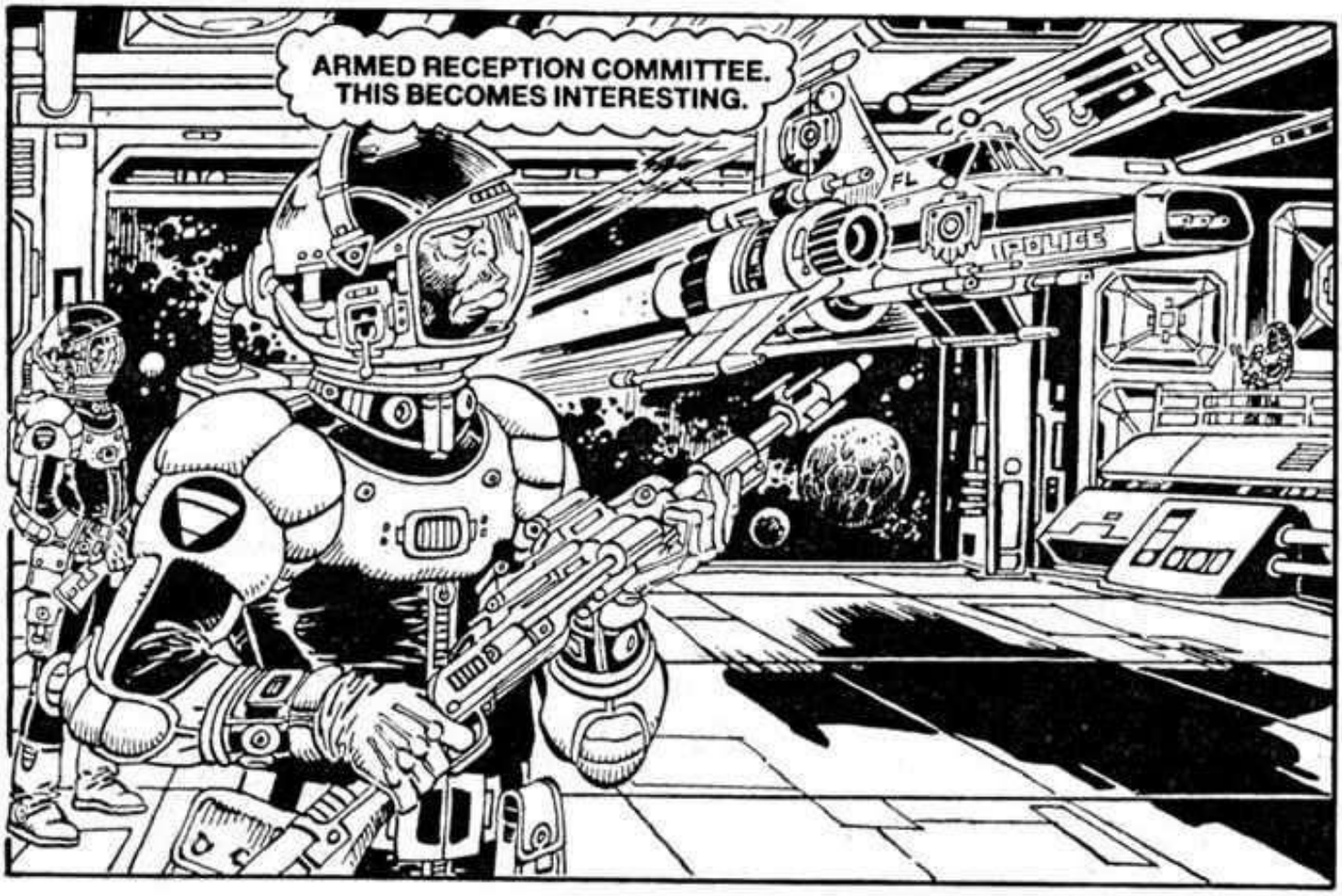
ATTENTION! VESSEL BREAKING SPACE IN VICINITY.
BLOW ME DOWN! FIRST TIME THAT'S HAPPENED IN THE SIX STANDARD YEARS I'VE BEEN HERE.

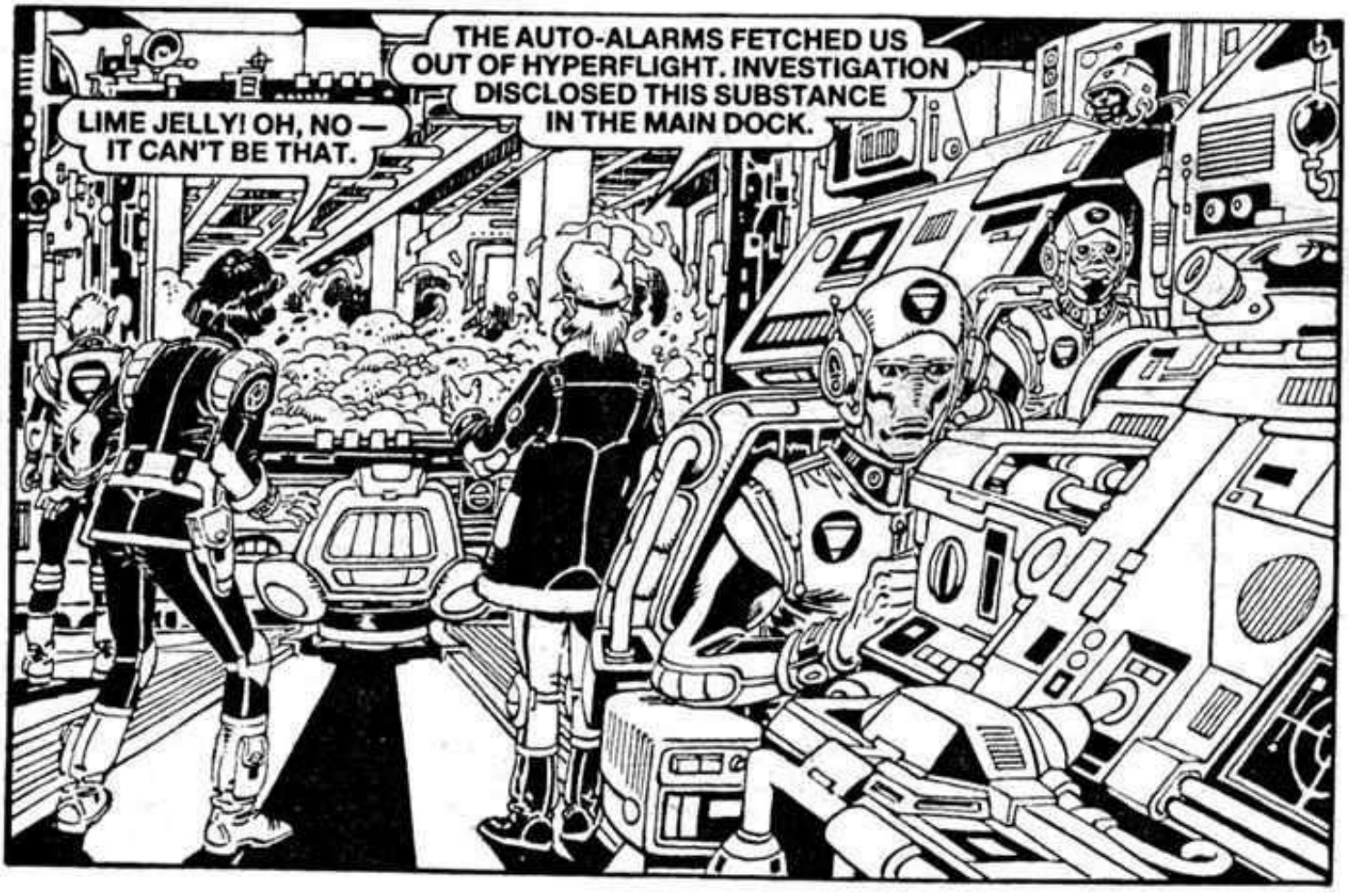

A VESSEL CAME OUT OF THE MATRIX OF SPACE-AND-TIME THAT MADE POSSIBLE FLIGHT FASTER THAN LIGHT . . . .
CAPTAIN ZOLGER OF STARLINER TYPHONUS. I HAVE PROBLEMS ABOARD REQUIRING IMMEDIATE LAWMAN ASSISTANCE.

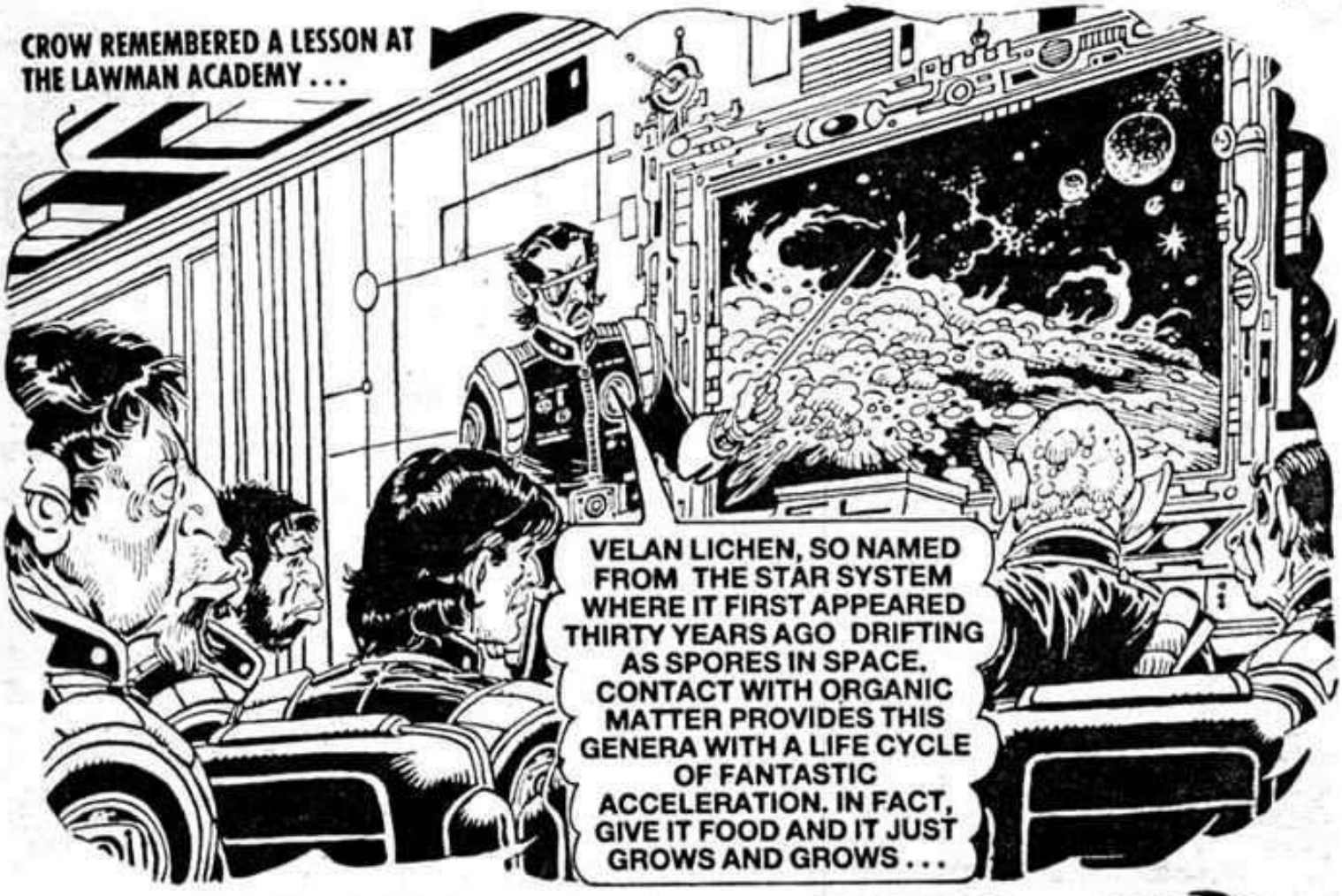
AT ONCE, CAPTAIN. YOU SHALL HAVE MY BEST MAN.

IT'S UP TO YOU, SON. I'D GO MYSELF IF I WEREN'T TRANSPLANING THOSE ORICYON ORCHIDS.

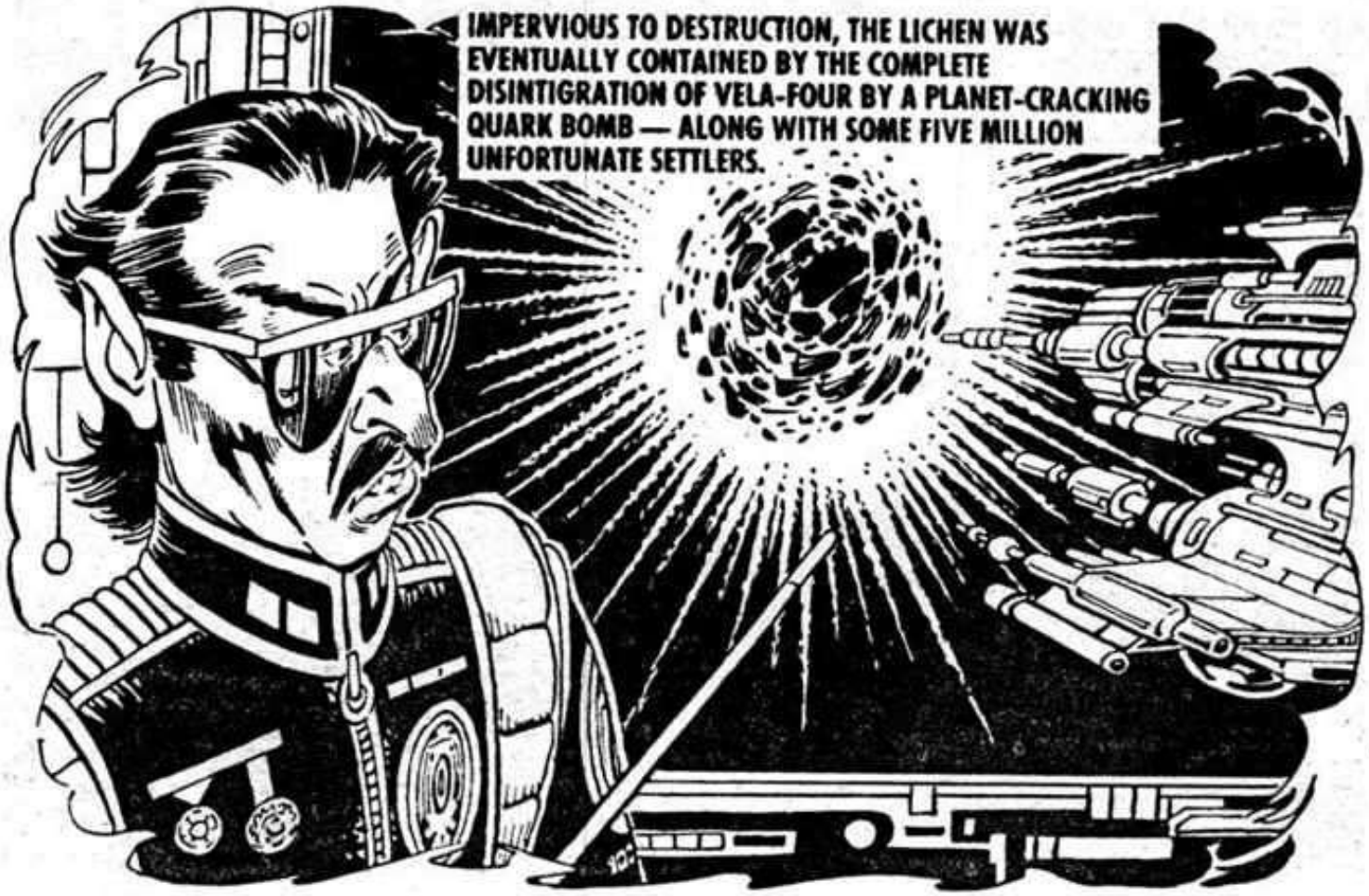

CROW SHUTTLED UP . . .
MAIN DOCK IS CLOSED. YOU HAVE LANDING CLEARANCE FOR EMERGENCY DOCK IN NUMBER ONE BAY.


ARMED RECEPTION COMMITTEE. THIS BECOMES INTERESTING.
POLICE


LIME JELLY! OH, NO — IT CAN'T BE THAT.
THE AUTO-ALARMS FETCHED US OUT OF HYPERFLIGHT. INVESTIGATION DISCLOSED THIS SUBSTANCE IN THE MAIN DOCK.


CROW REMEMBERED A LESSON AT THE LAWMAN ACADEMY . . .
VELAN LICHEN, SO NAMED FROM THE STAR SYSTEM WHERE IT FIRST APPEARED THIRTY YEARS AGO DRIFTING AS SPORES IN SPACE. CONTACT WITH ORGANIC MATTER PROVIDES THIS GENERA WITH A LIFE CYCLE OF FANTASTIC ACCELERATION. IN FACT, GIVE IT FOOD AND IT JUST GROWS AND GROWS . . .

CARRIED AS SPORES ON THE HULL OF A VESSEL SUPPLYING THE NEWLY SETTLED PLANET OF VELA-FOUR, THE LICHEN HAD WITHIN HALF A YEAR INCREASED TO A SIZE THAT COVERED A THIRD OF THE PLANETARY SURFACE . . .


IMPERVIOUS TO DESTRUCTION, THE LICHEN WAS EVENTUALLY CONTAINED BY THE COMPLETE DISINTIGRATION OF VELA-FOUR BY A PLANET-CRACKING QUARK BOMB — ALONG WITH SOME FIVE MILLION UNFORTUNATE SETTLERS.

TWO FURTHER OUTBREAKS DEALT WITH BY THE DESTRUCTION OF THE PLANETS AND ALL PEOPLE INVOLVED. ARE YOU SURE IT'S — ER, IT'S WHAT WE THINK?
GREEN JELLY INCREASING AT A PRODIGIOUS RATE AND ALREADY FORCING THE INNER HATCH OF MY MAIN DOCK! LAWMAN, WE CANNOT TAKE A CHANCE ON HIS NOT BEING VELAN LICHEN.

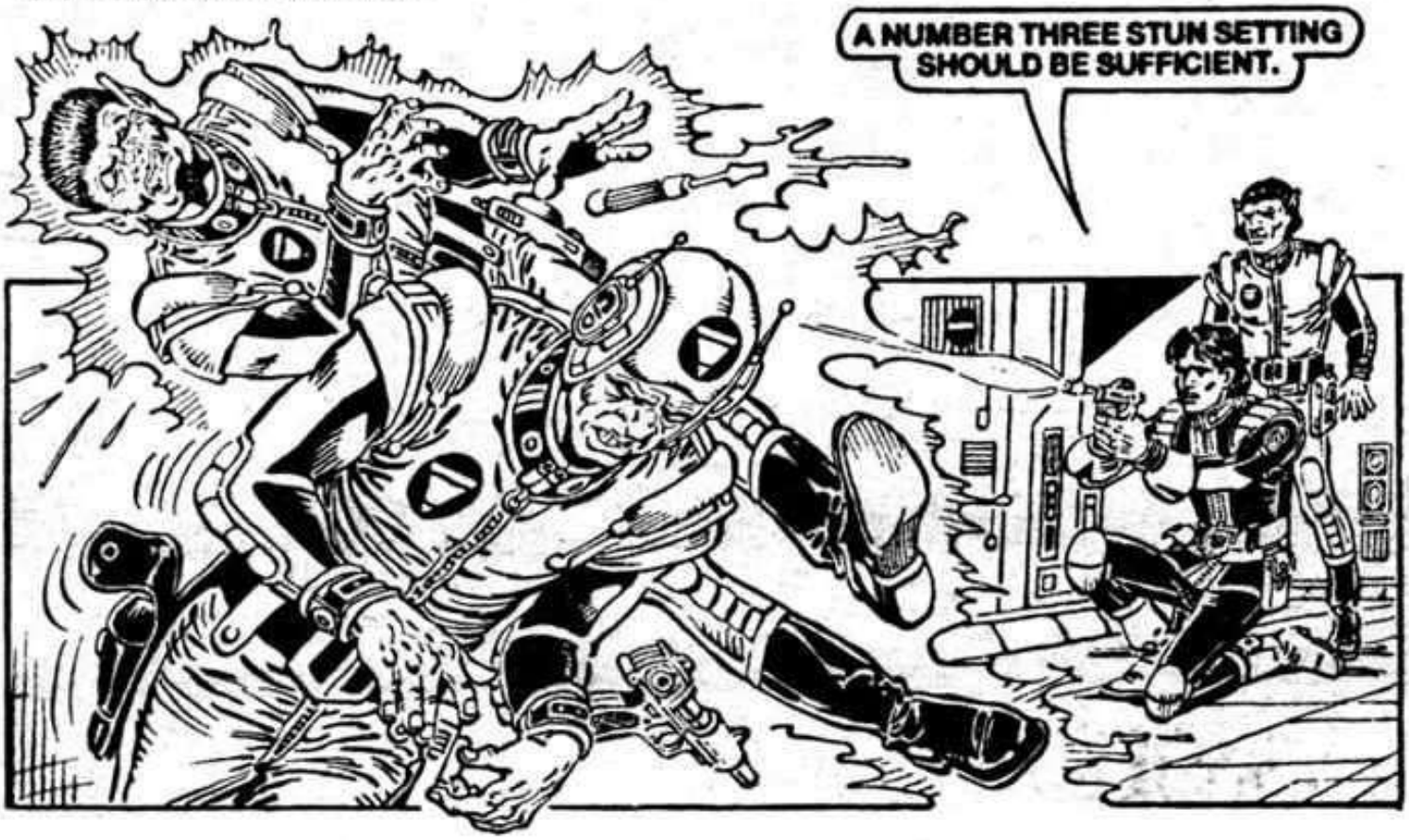
CROW MADE A SCRAMBLED CONTACT WITH IS TRAFFIC POST . . .
THAT IS THE SITUATION — SO WHAT IS THE PROCEDURE? DO YOU WANT TO BOARD FOR A LOOK?
ME — OH NO, SON. YOU STAY IN CHARGE. I'LL MAKE A REPORT TO QUADRANT HEADQUARTERS FOR INSTRUCTIONS.

EVEN ON DOUBLE-RED ALERT TRANSMISSION WE WOULDN'T HEAR ANYTHING FOR HALF A PERIOD. MAY I SUGGEST YOU SEAL THE SHIP AND THINK UP SOME STORY FOR YOUR PASSENGERS.
ST
ALREADY TAKEN CARE OF. I HAVE SPOKEN OF A SMALL PROBLEM IN THE HYPERDRIVE. MY CREW KNOW, BUT THEY ARE ALL COMPLETELY RELIABLE.

MASTER-AT-ARMS TO CAPTAIN. TWO JUNIOR ENGINEERS HAVE TAKEN STUN-GUNS FROM THE ARMOURY. THEY TALKED OF MAKING FOR C-DECK SHUTTLE HATCH.
ST
YOU APPEAR WRONG ABOUT SOME OF YOUR MEN. HOW DO I REACH THIS HATCH?

CROW WAS GIVEN A GUIDE...
QUICKEST WAY IS THROUGH THE PASSENGER SALOON AND DOWN THE ANTI-GRAVE CHUTE. THE HATCH IS SEALED, BUT ENGINEERS LIKE THOSE BOYS WILL BE ABLE TO CRACK IT MANUALLY.
OFFICER, WE PASSENGERS HAVE A RIGHT TO KNOW WHAT'S GOING ON.
JUST A SPOT OF ELECTRONIC TROUBLE, MISTER ZELCOS. MAKE WAY — PLEASE!

CROW DID NOT WASTE TIME . . .



YOU DIDN'T GIVE THESE BOYS A CHANCE.
THEY'RE ALIVE, AREN'T THEY? I'LL LEAVE YOU TO TOSS THEM IN THE BRIG.

I LIKE YOUR STYLE, LAWMAN. NOW HOW ABOUT TELLING ME WHAT'S REALLY GOING ON?
I'LL TELL YOU SOON! YOU COULD HELP BY KEEPING THE REST OF THE PASSENGERS CALM.

CROW MADE FURTHER CONTACT WITH HIS TRAFFIC POST . . .
I'VE DONE ALL I CAN HERE. DO I RETURN TO BASE?
NOT FROM A VESSEL IN QUARANTINE, LAD. AHEM — ER, IT COULD EVEN BE FATAL.
FACT IS, TRY TO RETURN AND A TORPEDO IS PROGRAMMED TO BLAST YOUR SHUTTLE OUT OF SPACE — REGRETFULLY OF COURSE.

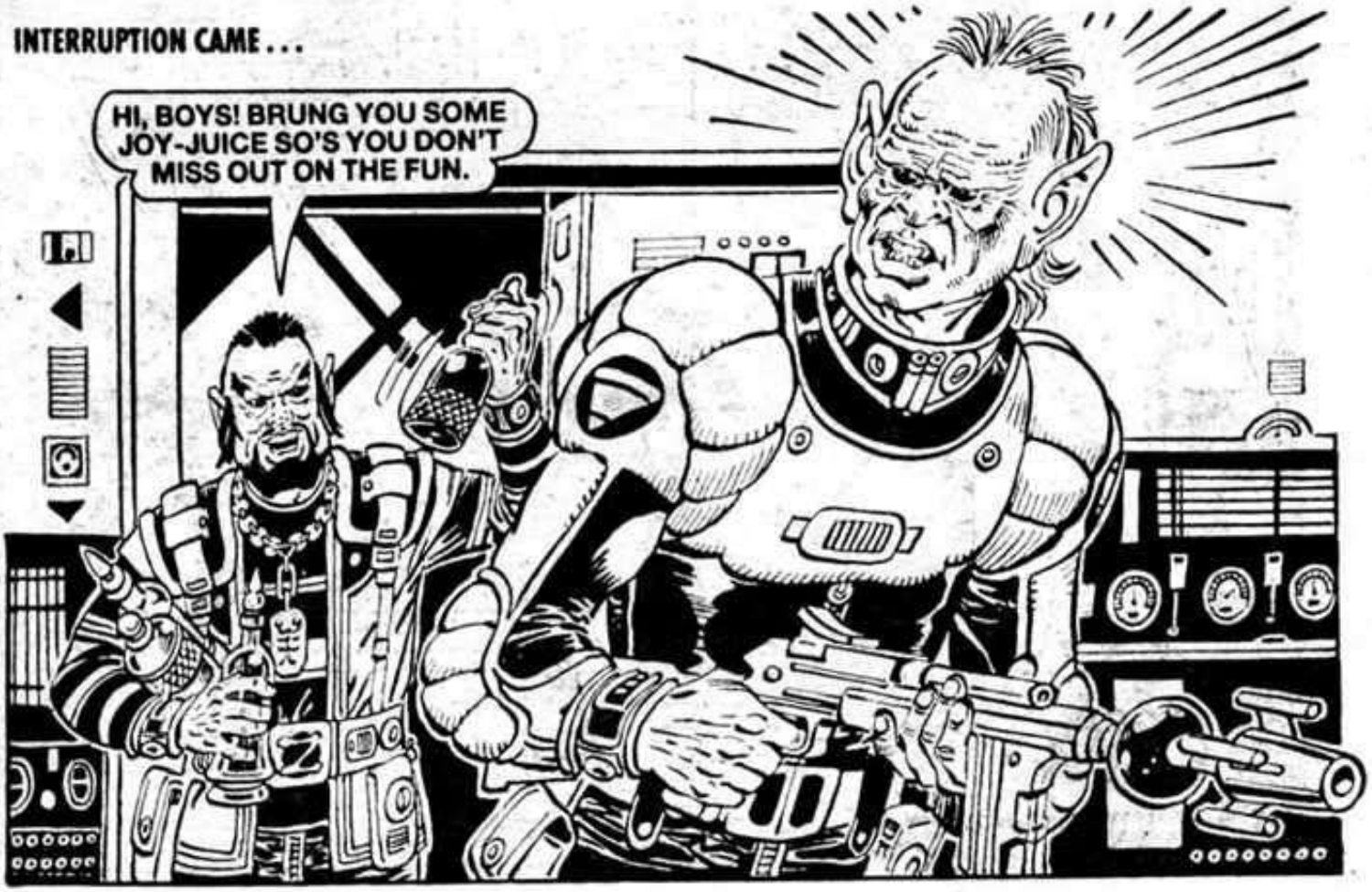
SIR, THE PASSENGERS ARE GETTING RESTLESS.
CAPTAIN, MAYBE YOU'D BETTER GIVE OUT A FEW SOOTHING WORDS. I'M OFF TO SEAL THE SHIP'S ARMOURY.

YOUR CAPTAIN SPEAKING . . . WE SHALL BE DELAYED A LITTLE LONGER DUE TO SPACE TRAFFIC CONTROLLER.

MEANWHILE, IT IS PARTY TIME. STIMULATING BEVERAGES ARE COURTESY OF THE COMPANY.
-1702-M
CROW MADE FOR THE SHIP'S ARMOURY . . .
HI, LAWMAN! WHY NOT STOP AND DRINK WITH ME?
LATER, MISTER ZELCOS!
MASTER-AT-ARMS, KINDLY OPEN UP.
VERY GOOD, SIR.

CROW AND HIS GUIDE WALKED IN ON A SURPRISE... LOSIVES
LASER GUN
DOOR 1
DOOR 2
MANUAL CONTROL
AUTO
DOOR HF-20
CLORATITA GOMA 16
320-H C-3
I'M SORRY! THEY TRICKED THEIR WAY IN.
HANDS UP! FACE THE BULKHEAD!

INTERRUPTION CAME . . .



CROW MADE QUICK USE OF THE OPPORTUNITY . . .

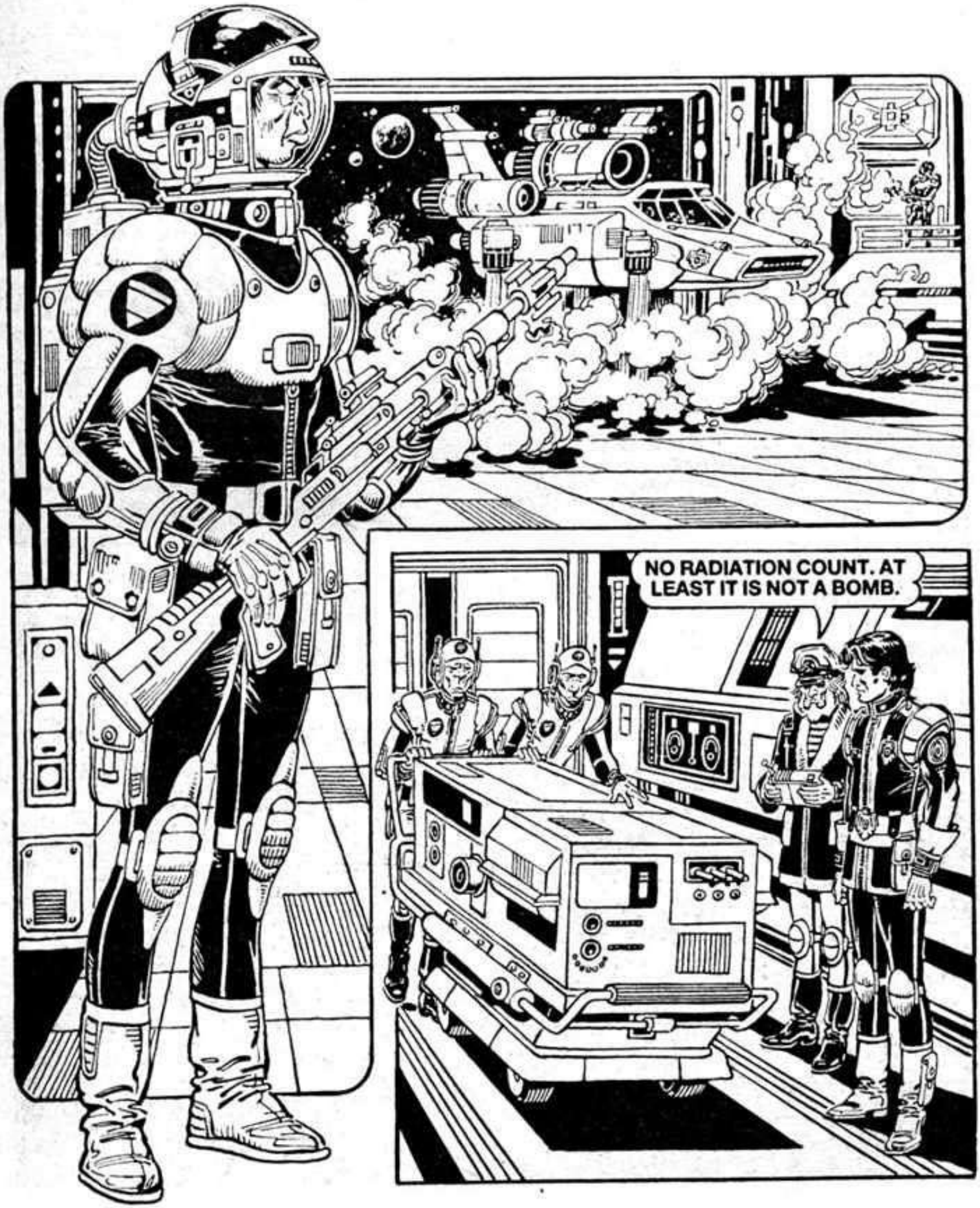
CROW SEALED THE ARMOURY . . .
LAWMAN, WHAT DO YOU SAY TO MY GUESS THAT THIS SHIP HAS AN INFESTATION OF VELAN LICHEN?
MISTER ZELCOS, I'D SAY THAT STARTING PANIC WITH SUCH A RUMOUR COULD LAND YOU IN THE BRIG.
ONE OTHER THING — THANKS FOR YOUR HELP.
ANY TIME, LAWMAN. ANY TIME.

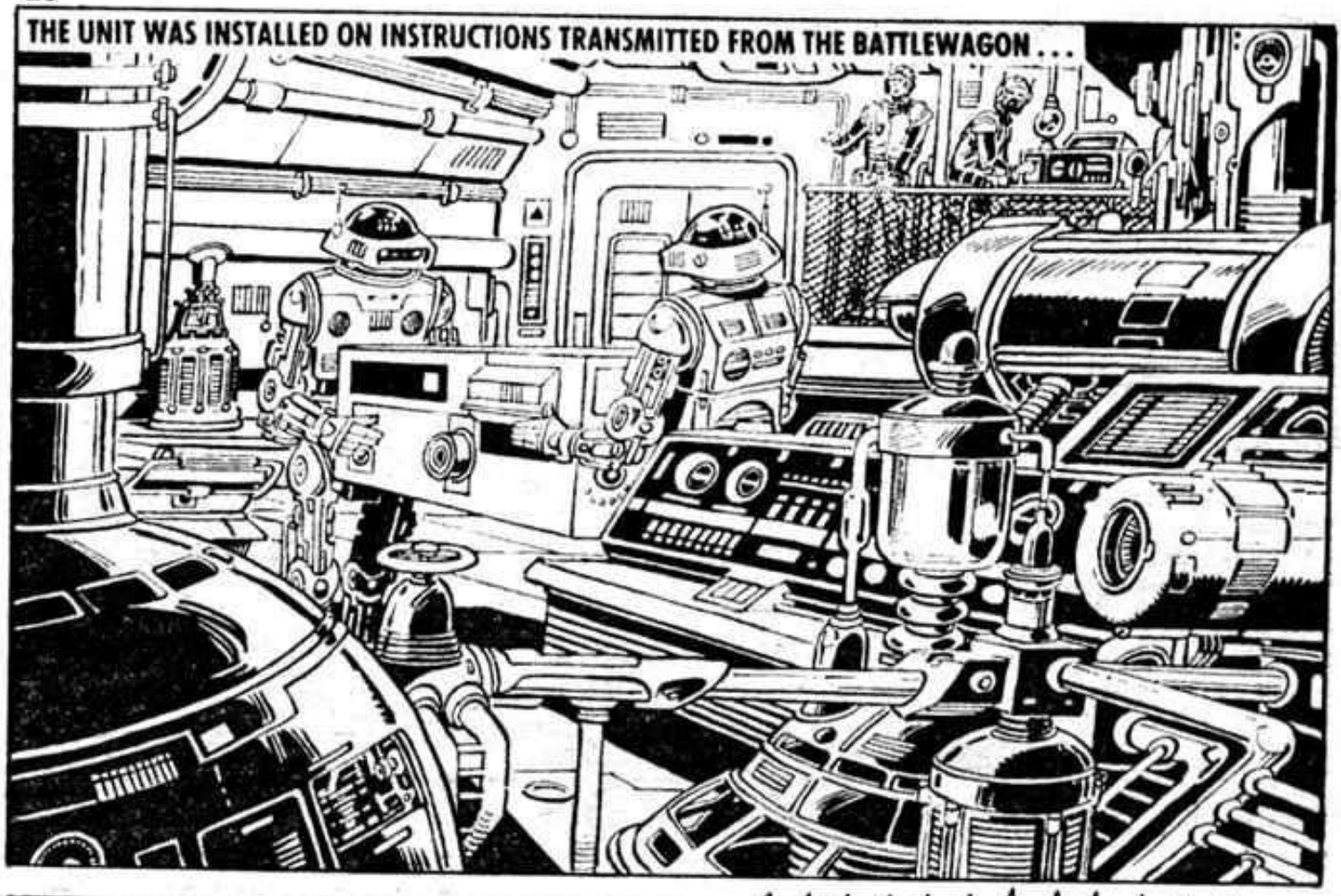
DAWN, STANDARD TIME, AFTER A NIGHT OF REVELRY . . .
CAPTAIN, I SUGGEST DUMPING THE PASSENGERS IN STASIS TANKS BEFORE THEY COME ROUND.
GOOD NOTION, LAWMAN.
SON, TOP OF THE NEW DAY TO YOU AND ALL ABOARD TYPHONUS. MESSAGE FROM QUADRANT H.Q. STATES THAT BATTLEWAGON OF FEDERAL FLEET IS HYPERFLIPPING YOUR WAY AND SHOULD ARRIVE BY TIME OF RECEIPT OF TRANSMISSION . . .
ST

HERE IT COMES!

THE BATTLEWAGON MADE CONTACT . . .
ADMIRAL, I ASSUME YOU ARE HERE TO EVACUATE MY PASSENGERS AND CREW.
YOU ASSUME WRONG . . . YOU KNOW I CANNOT RISK INFECTION OF MY OWN VESSEL. DISINTEGRATION OF YOUR STARLINER AND ALL PERSONNEL IS THE OBVIOUS SOLUTION!
I AM SENDING OVER AN AUTOPILOTED SHUTTLE CARRYING A UNIT WHICH YOU WILL HAVE COUPLED TO YOUR HYPERDRIVE.
ADMIRAL, WHAT IF I DECLINE TO ACCEPT THIS GIFT?
I WILL DESTROY YOUR SHIP WHERE IT STANDS.

THE 'GIFT' WAS BROUGHT ON BOARD . . .



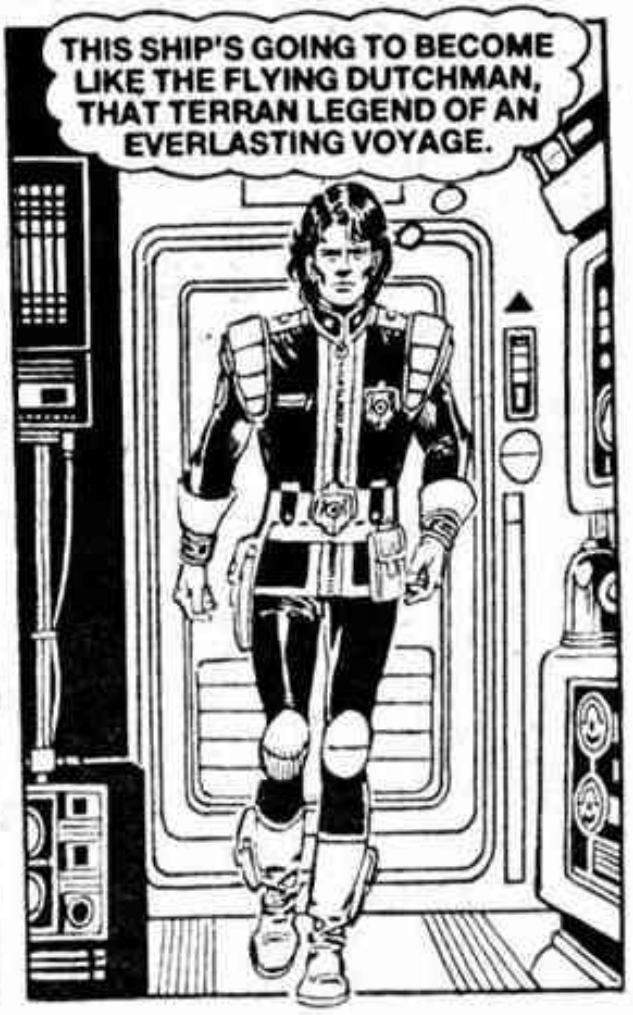

THE UNIT WAS INSTALLED ON INSTRUCTIONS TRANSMITTED FROM THE BATTLEWAGON . . .

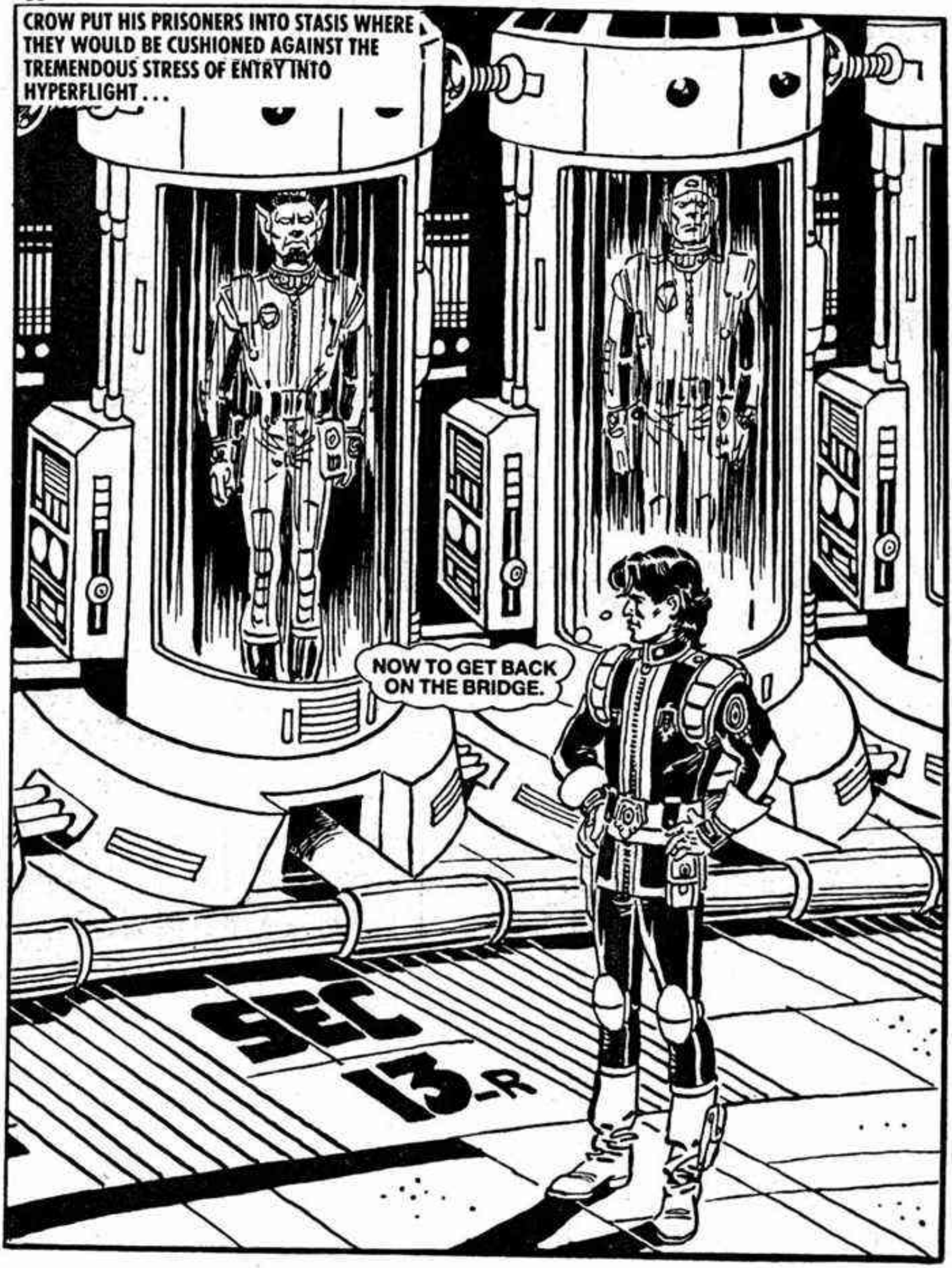
AUTO-CONTROL TO BRIDGE. ACCESS TO HYPERDRIVE NOW DENIED.
WHICH MEANS I NO LONGER COMMAND MY OWN SHIP. TIME TO LEARN WHAT THE ADMIRAL PLANS TO DO WITH US.

YOU WILL BE FLIPPED CLEAR OF THE GALAXY BY A SERIES OF HYPERFLIGHT HOPS THAT SHOULD PUSH YOU INTO THE ANDROMEDA NEBULA IN ABOUT A HUNDRED YEARS.

ADMIRAL, WHAT YOU PLAN IS STILL MURDER.
CAPTAIN, I QUITE AGREE, BUT BETTER A SMALL DEGREE OF MURDER THAN RISK THE MASS MURDER OF WHOLE PLANETS. YOU HAVE THIRTY MINUTES TO PREPARE.

INTERFERING WITH THAT CONTROL UNIT WOULD MEAN THE BATTLEWAGON OPENING FIRE. I'D BETTER GET MY PEOPLE READY FOR THE SHIFT INTO HYPERSPACE.
I'LL TAKE CARE OF THE PRISONERS IN THE BRIG.

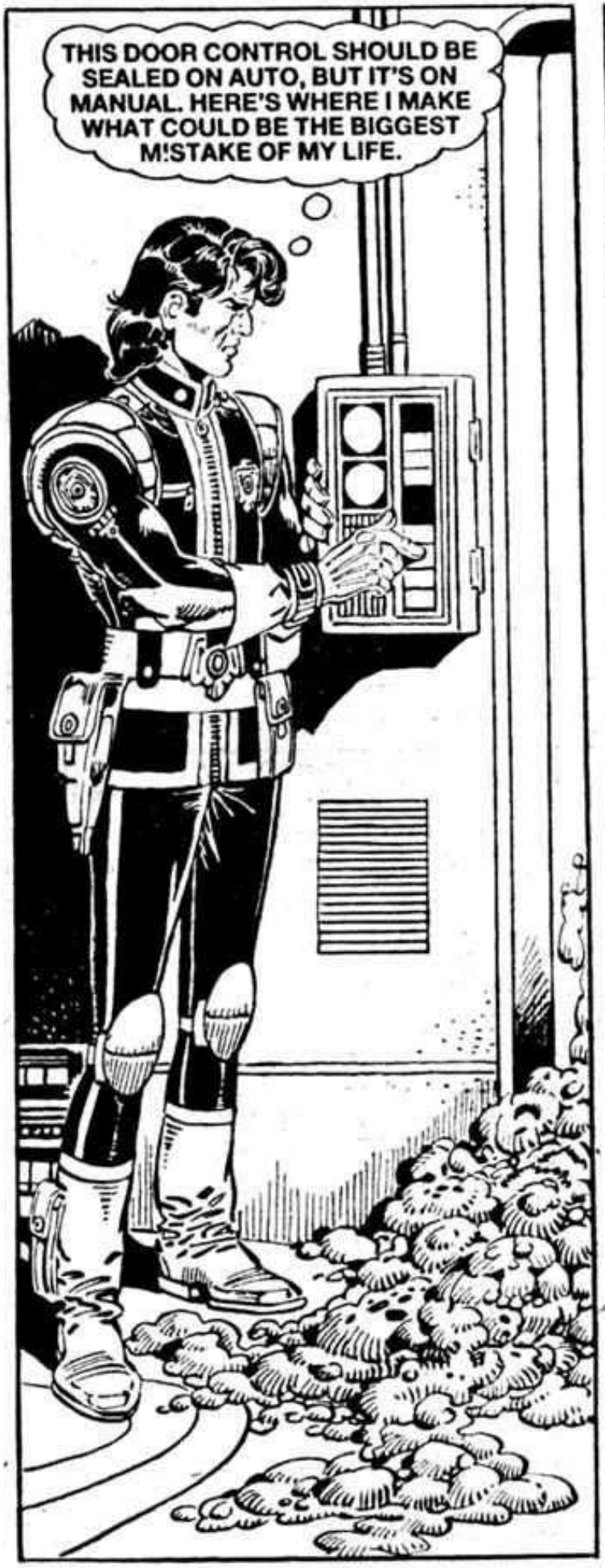

THIS SHIP'S GOING TO BECOME LIKE THE FLYING DUTCHMAN, THAT TERRAN LEGEND OF AN EVERLASTING VOYAGE.


CROW PUT HIS PRISONERS INTO STASIS WHERE THEY WOULD BE CUSHIONED AGAINST THE TREMENDOUS STRESS OF ENTRY INTO HYPERFLIGHT . . .
NOW TO GET BACK ON THE BRIDGE.
SEC 13-R

MISTER ZELCOS! WHY ISN'T HE TANKED WITH THE OTHER PASSENGERS?

CROW FOLLOWED . . .
MAIN DOCKING AREA
THIS IS THE WAY HE CAME — SO WHERE IS HE?
3
4
1000

THE LICHEN! IT'S BREAKING THROUGH THE HATCH.
2
0
SOMETHING DOESN'T ADD UP. THAT MESS SHOULDN'T JUST BE LYING THERE — IT OUGHT TO BE FLOWING AFTER ME, EAGER FOR NUTRITION.
JUST A BLOB OF FUNGUS. I DON'T KNOW WHAT IT IS, BUT VELAN LICHEN IT CERTAINLY ISN'T!


THIS DOOR CONTROL SHOULD BE SEALED ON AUTO, BUT IT'S ON MANUAL. HERE'S WHERE I MAKE WHAT COULD BE THE BIGGEST M!STAKE OF MY LIFE.

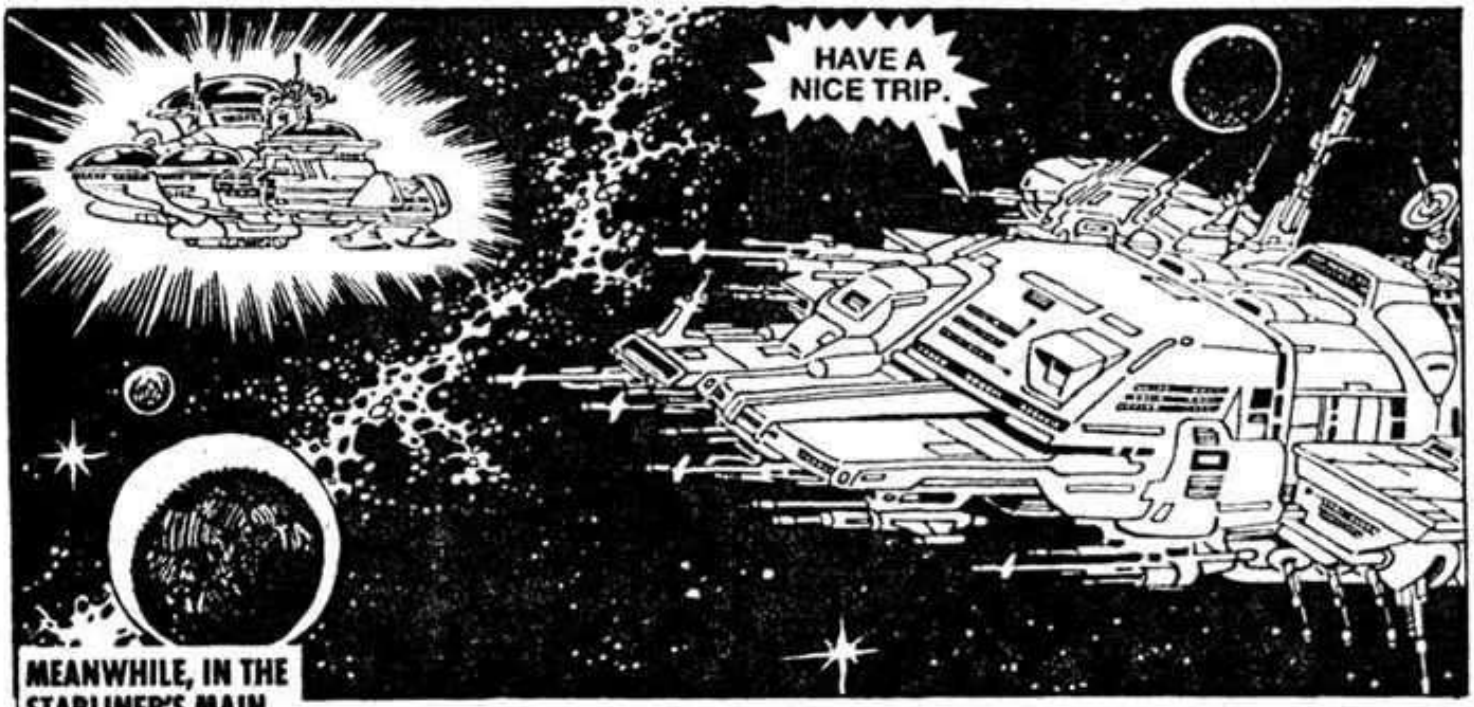
CROW OPENED THE DOOR . . .
A LAYER OF FUNGUS ON THE DOORS — AND NOTHING ELSE. NO SIGN OF THE MASS OF LICHEN SUPPOSED TO BE FILLING THE DOCK AREA.

SCANNERS DRAPED WITH FUNGUS — BUT NO LICHEN. IT'S A FAKE, THIS SHIP IS NOT INFESTED.
CALLING BRIDGE. CAPTAIN, THIS IS LAWMAN CROW. I'M IN MAIN DOCK AND I HAVE SOMETHING TO REPORT.
COM
NOW!

CROW WAS INTERRUPTED . . .
UH-ARHHHHHHHH!

ARHHH
THE LICHEN'S GOT THE POOR FELLOW. WELL, AT LEAST HE CHOSE A QUICK WAY TO GO.

ADMIRAL, I AM ABOUT TO JOIN MY CREW AND PASSENGERS IN STASIS. YOU MAY PRESS THAT BUTTON.
I AM SO GLAD YOU ARE BEING REASONABLE, OLD FELLOW.



MEANWHILE, IN THE STARLINER'S MAIN DOCK . . .

THE HELPLESS CROW WAS ASSAILED BY TREMENDOUS KINETIC STRESS . . .
AHHHHHHH!
STARLINER TYPHONUS PASSED INTO A DIFFERENT CONTINUUM OF SPACE-AND-TIME . . .

. . . TO EMERGE AN HOUR LATER, A THOUSAND LIGHT-YEARS DISTANT . . .
RIGHT, LADS. WE WORK FAST BEFORE THE NEXT PROGRAMMED SHIFT HITS THIS TUB.

THE LAWMAN'S GONE.
REMARKABLE — YET HE WILL NOT HAVE GONE FAR AND WILL BE IN A BAD WAY. I LEAVE YOU TO DEAL WITH HIM, KULP.

COME OUT, LAWMAN. COME OUT WHEREVER YOU ARE.
ST
ST

BOOTS! SO THERE HE IS!
ST

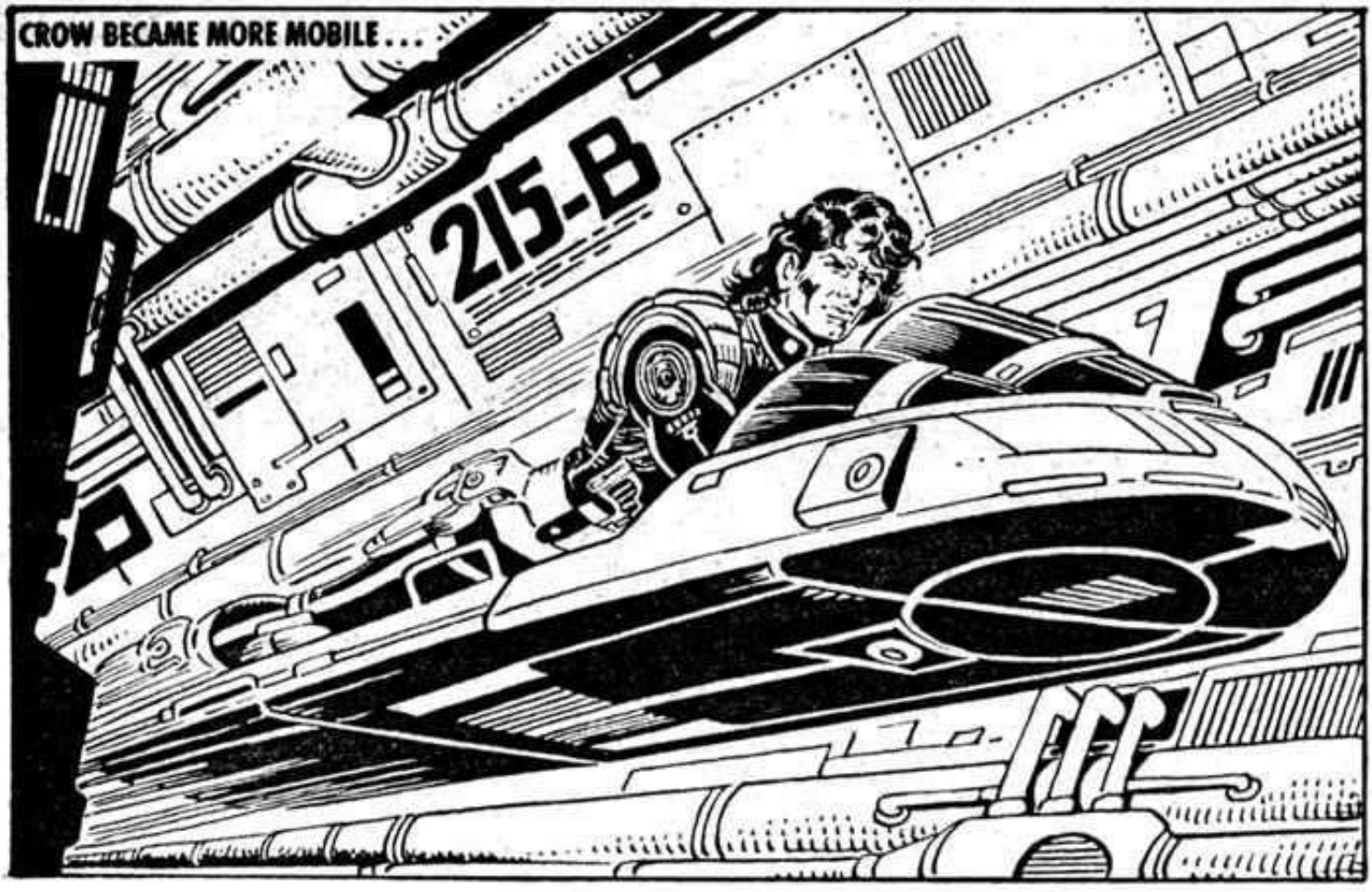
?!
!
JUST BOOTS! SO WHERE ARE YOU?

CROW ANSWERED . . .
HERE!
ST

AHHHH — SO WEAK! THAT HYPERFLIP STRESS HAS WRUNG ME DRY.
I'LL TAKE HIS STUNGUN, BUT HOLD ONTO THIS AXE FROM THE FIRE-STAND. IT FEELS SO NATURAL IN MY HAND.

DIAGRAM OF SHIP — URH — WHERE'S THE SICKBAY?
TYPHONUS
AIRSHAFTS ARE A WAY OF GETTING ABOUT AND DODGING ZELCOS AND HIS BOYS.
1885 SEC
CAN'T KEEP GOING LIKE THIS MUCH LONGER — URH! LOOKS LIKE I'M COMING TO A JUNCTION.
1886 SEC
1886 SEC

ENGINEER'S SKIDDOO! JUST WHAT I NEED.
310
215
1889-SECTOR
310-B


CROW BECAME MORE MOBILE . . .
215-B

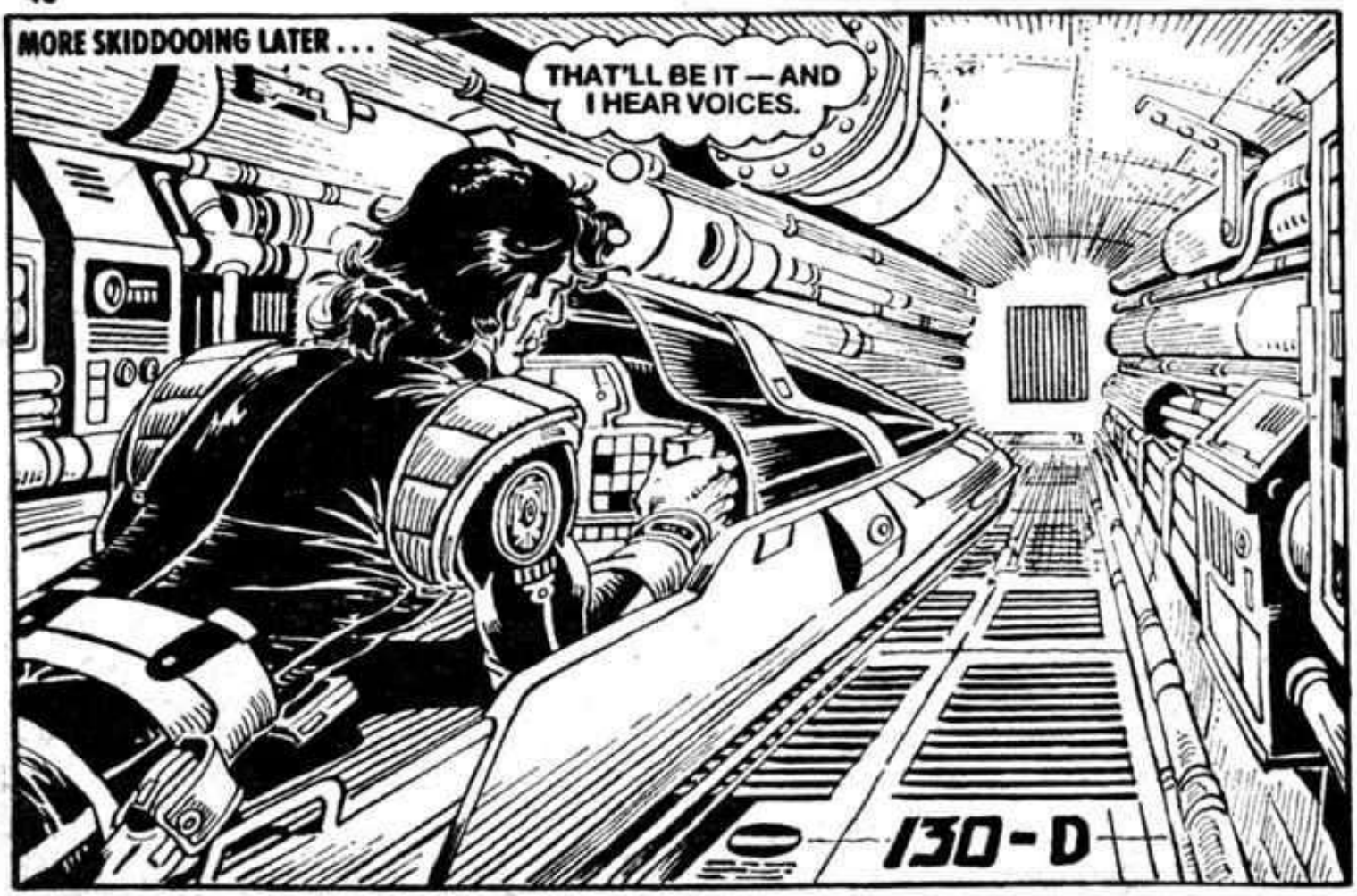
. . . AND REACHED THE SICK BAY.
HERE WE ARE!
MEDICS STILL IN STASIS. THE ADMIRAL'S GADGET MUST HAVE DONE SOMETHING TO THE PROGRAMMING OF THE CREW AND PASSENGER TANKS.

ONE SOL-THREE SAPIENT NEEDING MEDICATION.
NO NEED OF IDENTIFICATION, SIR. MY DATABASE IS FAMILIAR WITH ALL KNOWN LIFE-FORMS.

CIRCULATORY IMPAIRMENT AND HIGH WHITE CELL COUNT INDICATING PHYSIOLOGICAL SHOCK REDUCTION OF FUNCTION . . .
JUST GET ON WITH IT.

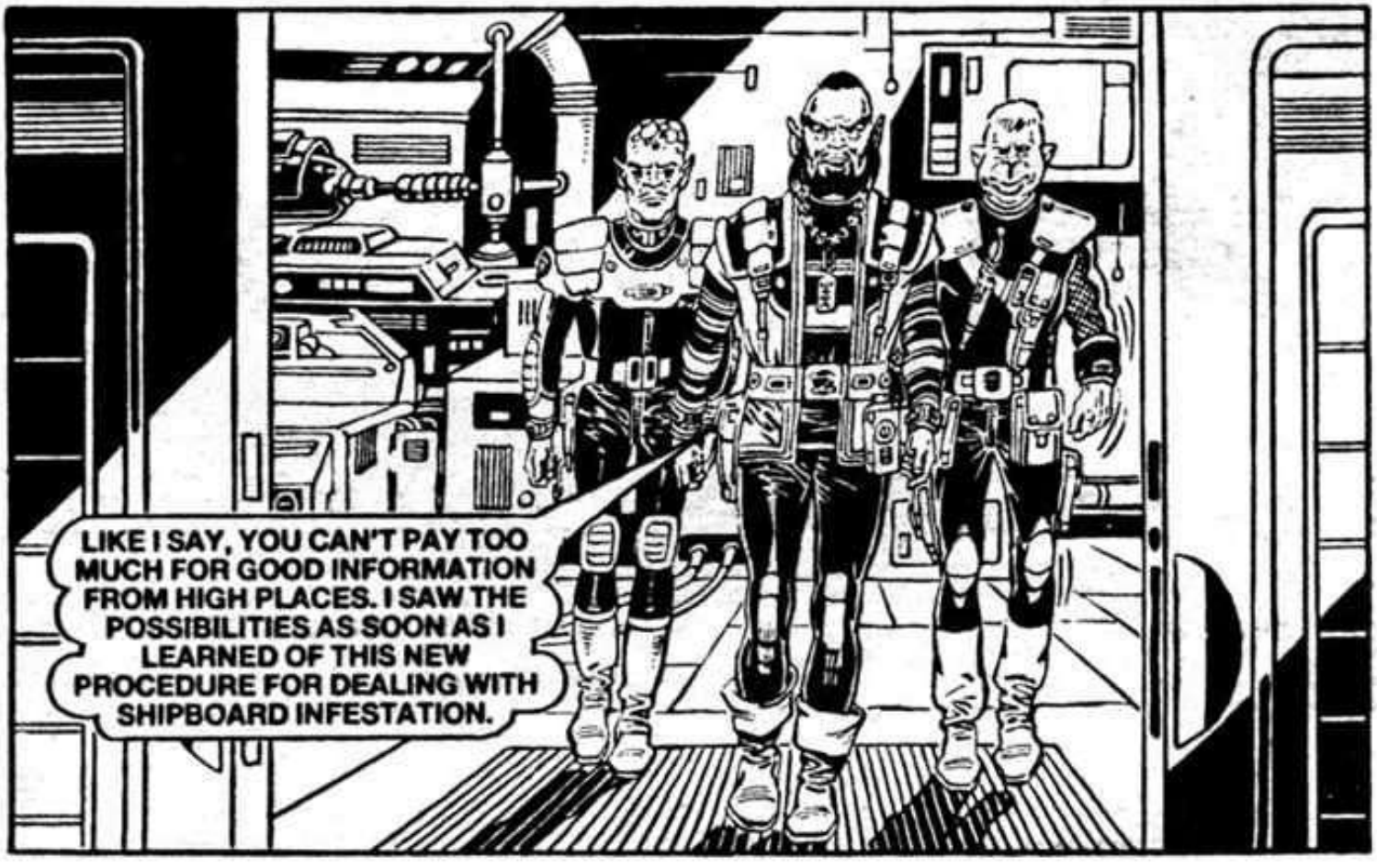
VERY WELL, IF YOU ARE GOING TO BE LIKE THAT. FIRST A RELAXANT.

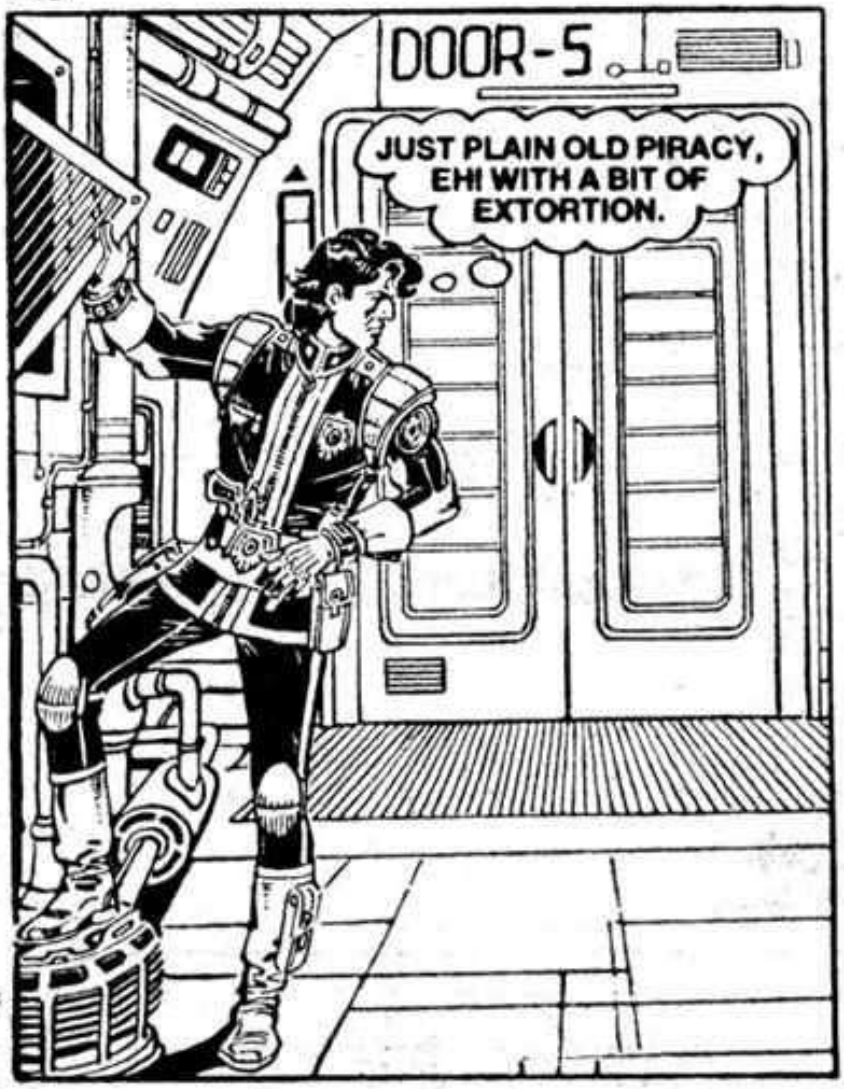
LOOM AWORE — REFRESHED . . .
FUNCTIONAL REJUVENATION COMPLETED.
AHHH — YES, THAT'S BETTER.
HYPERDRIVE CONTROL — AMIDSHIPS, TWO LEVELS DOWN ACCORDING TO THAT DIAGRAM.


MORE SKIDDOOING LATER . . .
THAT'LL BE IT — AND I HEAR VOICES.
130-D

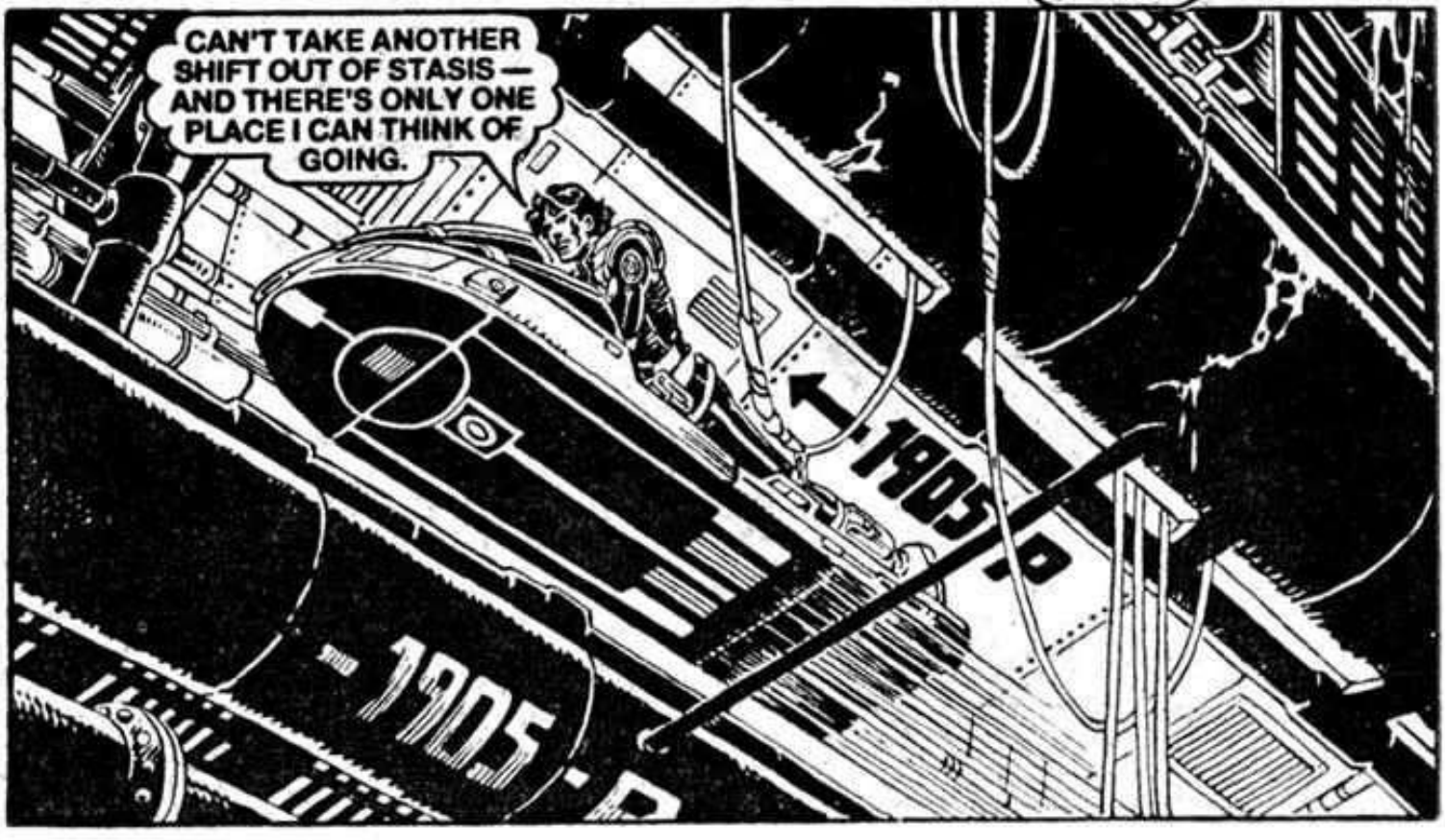
THERE THEY ARE! WHAT'S HE SAYING?

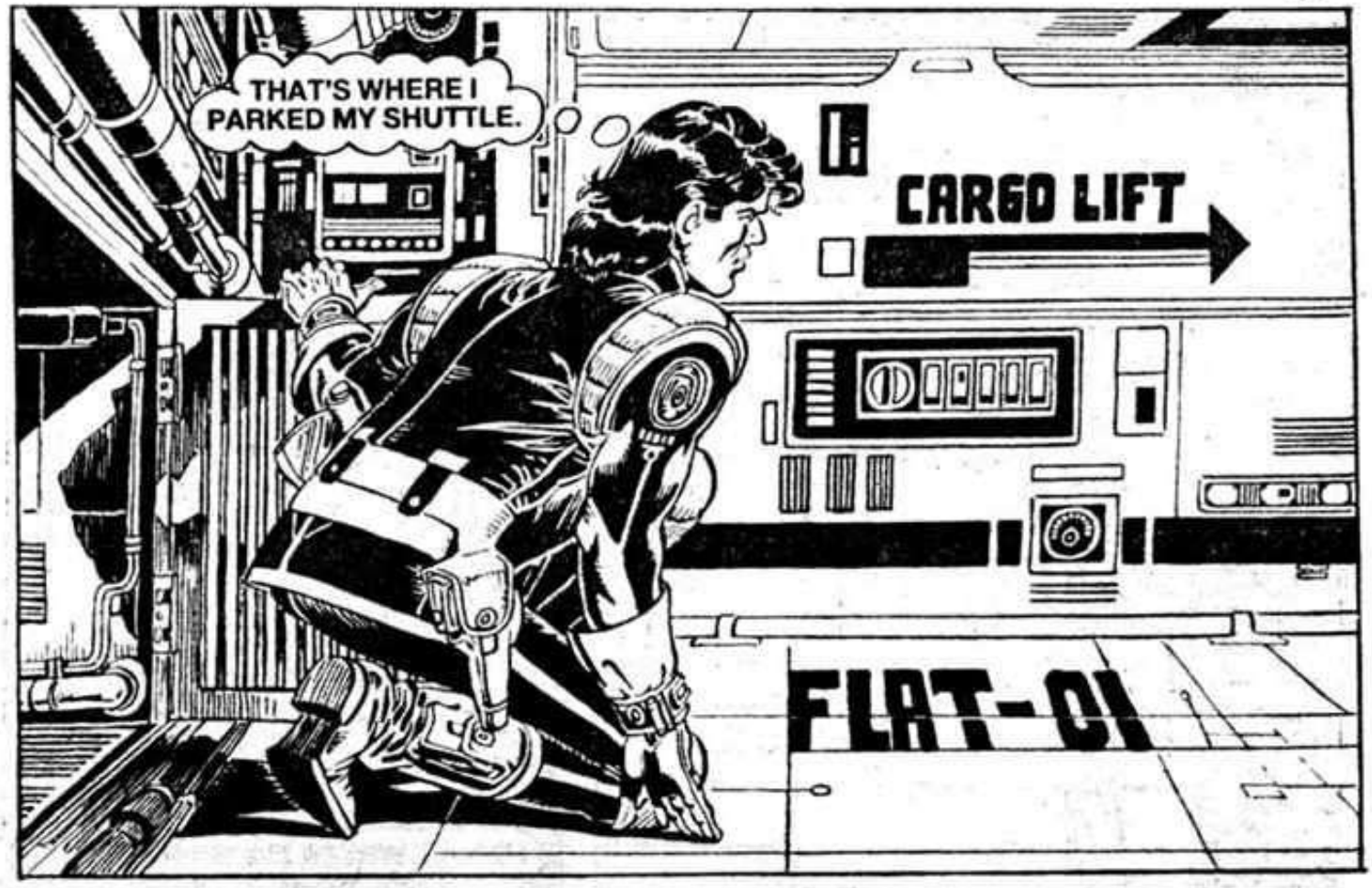
AN ELABORATE WAY OF GETTING HOLD OF A WARP DRIVE, BUT NOW I CAN RANSOM THE PASSENGERS. THE LAW WON'T KNOW WHERE I AM BECAUSE I CAN FLIP ANYWHERE.


LIKE I SAY, YOU CAN'T PAY TOO MUCH FOR GOOD INFORMATION FROM HIGH PLACES. I SAW THE POSSIBILITIES AS SOON AS I LEARNED OF THIS NEW PROCEDURE FOR DEALING WITH SHIPBOARD INFESTATION.

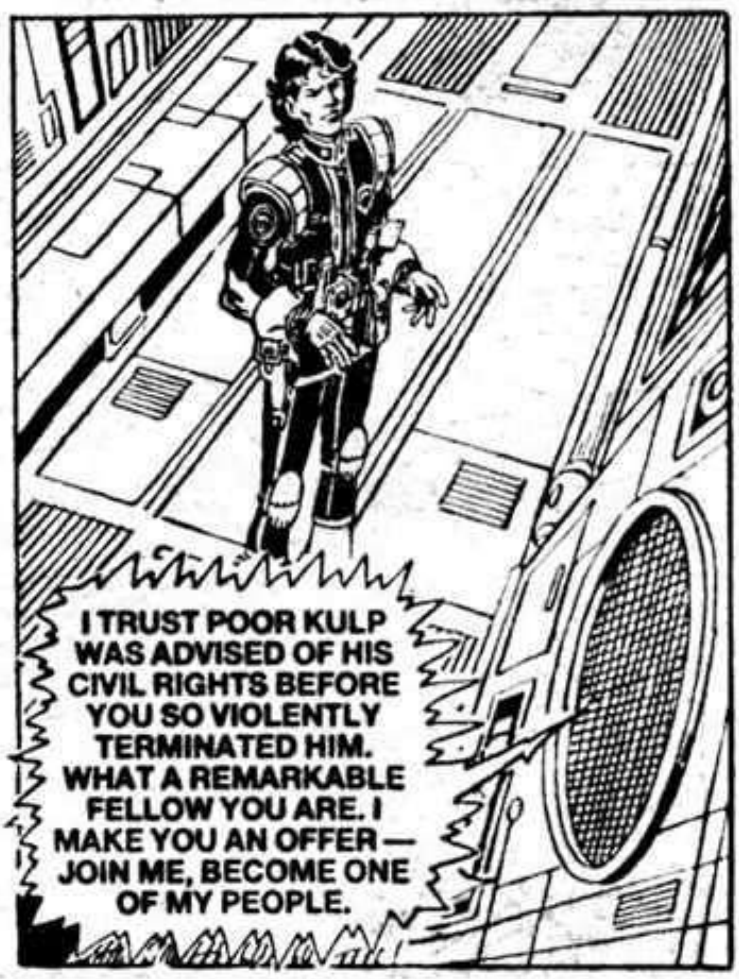

DOOR-5
JUST PLAIN OLD PIRACY, EH! WITH A BIT OF EXTORTION.

I COULD WRECK THE SHIP IF I TRY FIDDLING WITH THESE CONTROLS. ANYWAY, CAN'T BE LONG TO GO BEFORE THAT NEXT HYPERFLIP ZELCOS WAS TALKING ABOUT.

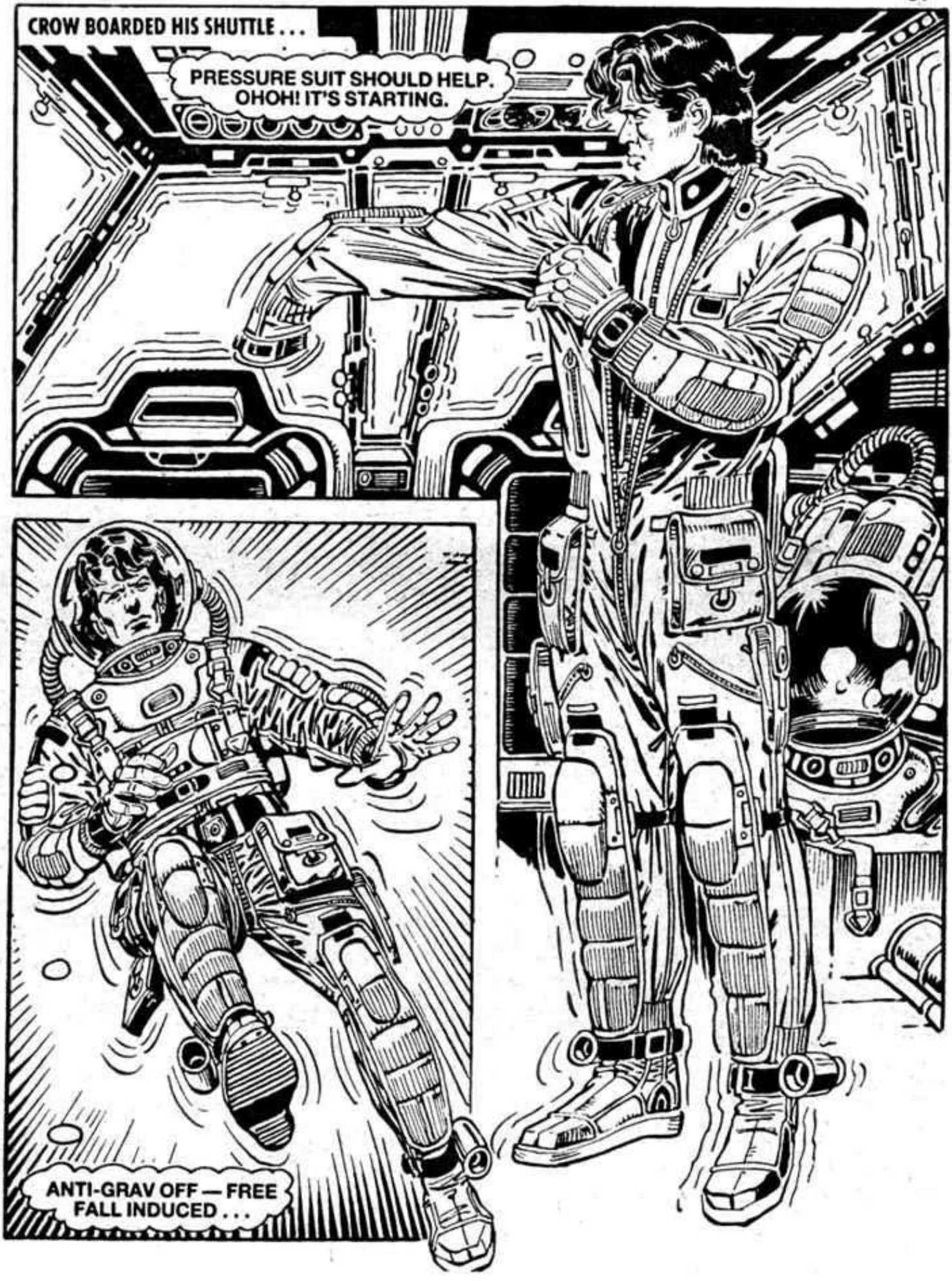

CAN'T TAKE ANOTHER SHIFT OUT OF STASIS — AND THERE'S ONLY ONE PLACE I CAN THINK OF GOING.
-1905-
-1905-


THAT'S WHERE I PARKED MY SHUTTLE.
CARGO LIFT
FLAT-01

DOESN'T HAVE STASIS CAPABILITY LIKE THESE SHIPBOARD SHUTTLES, BUT — HUH!
LAWMAN! CAN YOU HEAR ME, LAWMAN?
LIFT

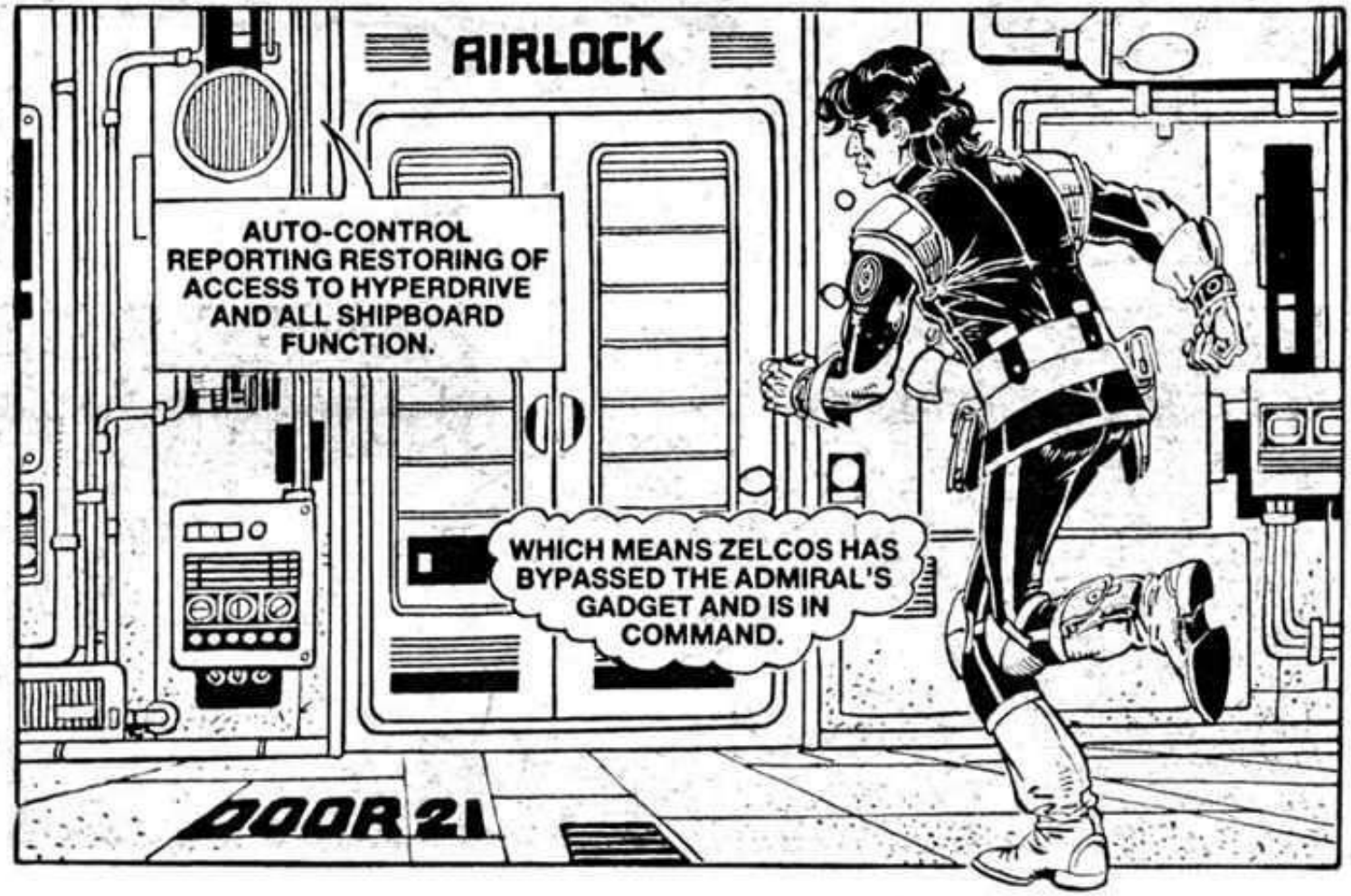

I TRUST POOR KULP WAS ADVISED OF HIS CIVIL RIGHTS BEFORE YOU SO VIOLENTLY TERMINATED HIM. WHAT A REMARKABLE FELLOW YOU ARE. I MAKE YOU AN OFFER — JOIN ME, BECOME ONE OF MY PEOPLE.

CROW, YOUR OWN SERVICE HAS WRITTEN YOU OFF. YOU ARE ONLY TEHCNICALLY ALIVE. I OFFER YOU LIFE AND RICHES IF ONLY YOU WILL MAKE CONTACT WITH ME.
TOPHAMPER CARGO LIFT—
AIRLOCK
CROW, DON'T BE A DUTIFUL FOOL—
FL
POLICE
MY SHUTTLE! COULD TRY OPENING THE SHIP'S PORTAL, BUT WHAT'S THE USE OF BEING STUCK ON SUB-LIGHT SPEED CRAFT LIGHT-YEARS FROM ANYWHERE?


CROW BOARDED HIS SHUTTLE . . .
PRESSURE SUIT SHOULD HELP. OHOH! IT'S STARTING.
ANTI-GRAV OFF — FREE FALL INDUCED . . .

STARLINER TYPHONUS PASSED INTO HYPERFLIGHT . . .
MEANWHILE, A THOUSAND LIGHT YEARS AWAY—
THE TYPHONUS WILL BE OUT OF THE GALAXY SOON.
LOG CONFIRMATION WHEN IT COMES. AFTER THAT WE RESUME NORMAL ROUTINE.
OPERATION CLEAN-UP MAY BE CONSIDERED SUCCESSFULLY CONCLUDED.

CROW HAD ANOTHER AWAKENING . . .
IT WORKED — APART FROM A TOUCH OF BRUISING. NOW I CAN THINK OF DEALING WITH ZELCOS AND HIS BUNCH.


AIRLOCK
AUTO-CONTROL REPORTING RESTORING OF ACCESS TO HYPERDRIVE AND ALL SHIPBOARD FUNCTION.
WHICH MEANS ZELCOS HAS BYPASSED THE ADMIRAL'S GADGET AND IS IN COMMAND.
DOOR 21

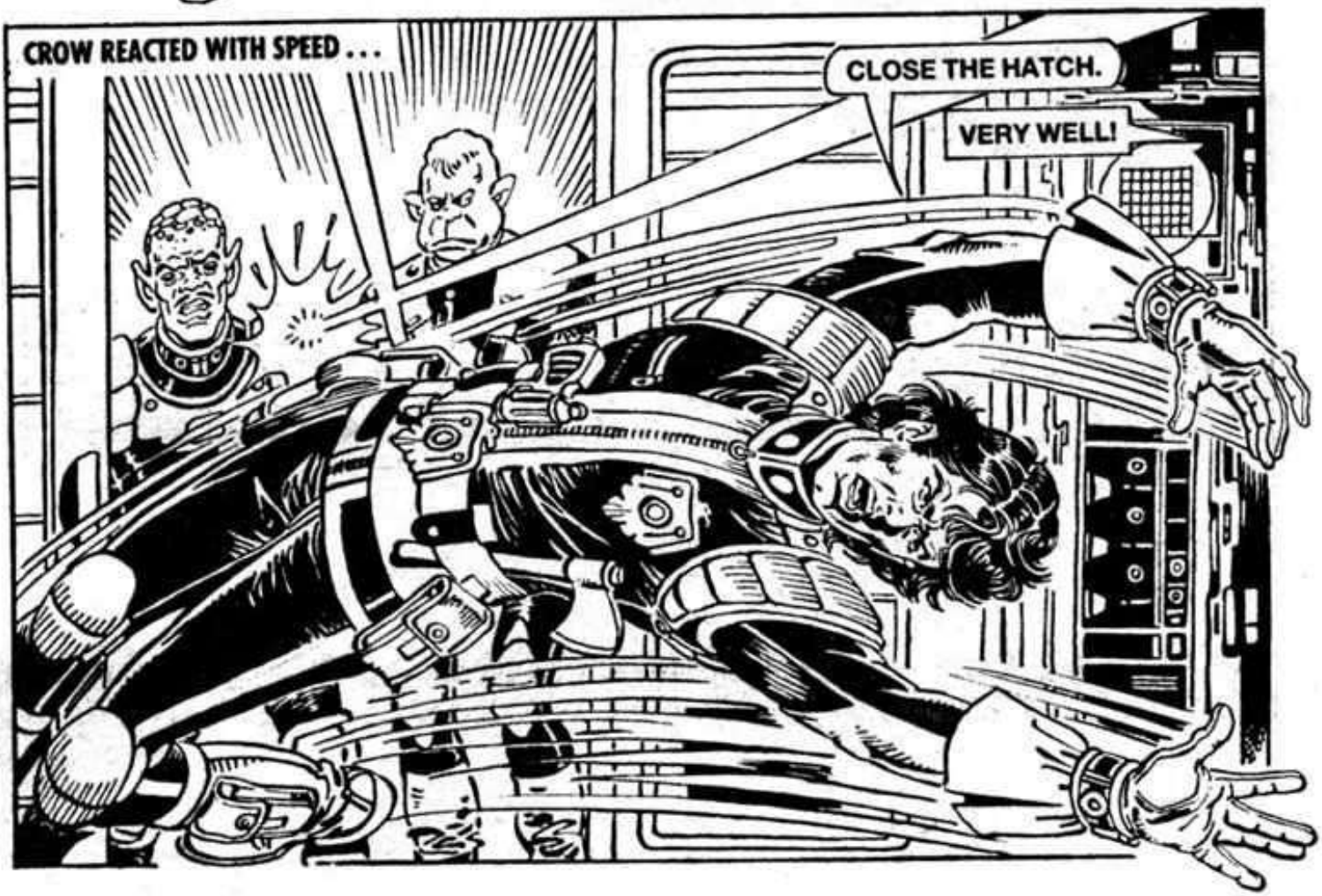
WHERE ARE WE?
QUESTION IMPRECISE. WE OURSELVES, MEANING YOU AND THE APPARATUS OF WHICH I CONSIST, ARE ABOARD STARLINER TYPHONUS. IN TURN THIS VESSEL IS IN THE KRITZEL NEBULA ON QUADRANT 9000098801 OF THE OUTER SPIRAL ARM OF THE GALAXY — AS YOU MAY OBSERVE.

THAT LIGHT! IT'S ANOTHER SHIP.
QUITE CORRECT.

THE VESSEL IS A BAGULUN-CLASS FREIGHTER WHICH APPROACHES ON ION-DRIVE AND SHOULD AT ITS PRESENT PROGRESS BE WITH US IN SIXTEEN STANDARD MINUTES.

ZELCOS'S SHIP COME FOR THE PLUNDER.

YOU GUESSED RIGHT, BOSS. WE'VE GOT HIM.
HI, LAWMAN!


CROW REACTED WITH SPEED . . .
CLOSE THE HATCH.
VERY WELL!

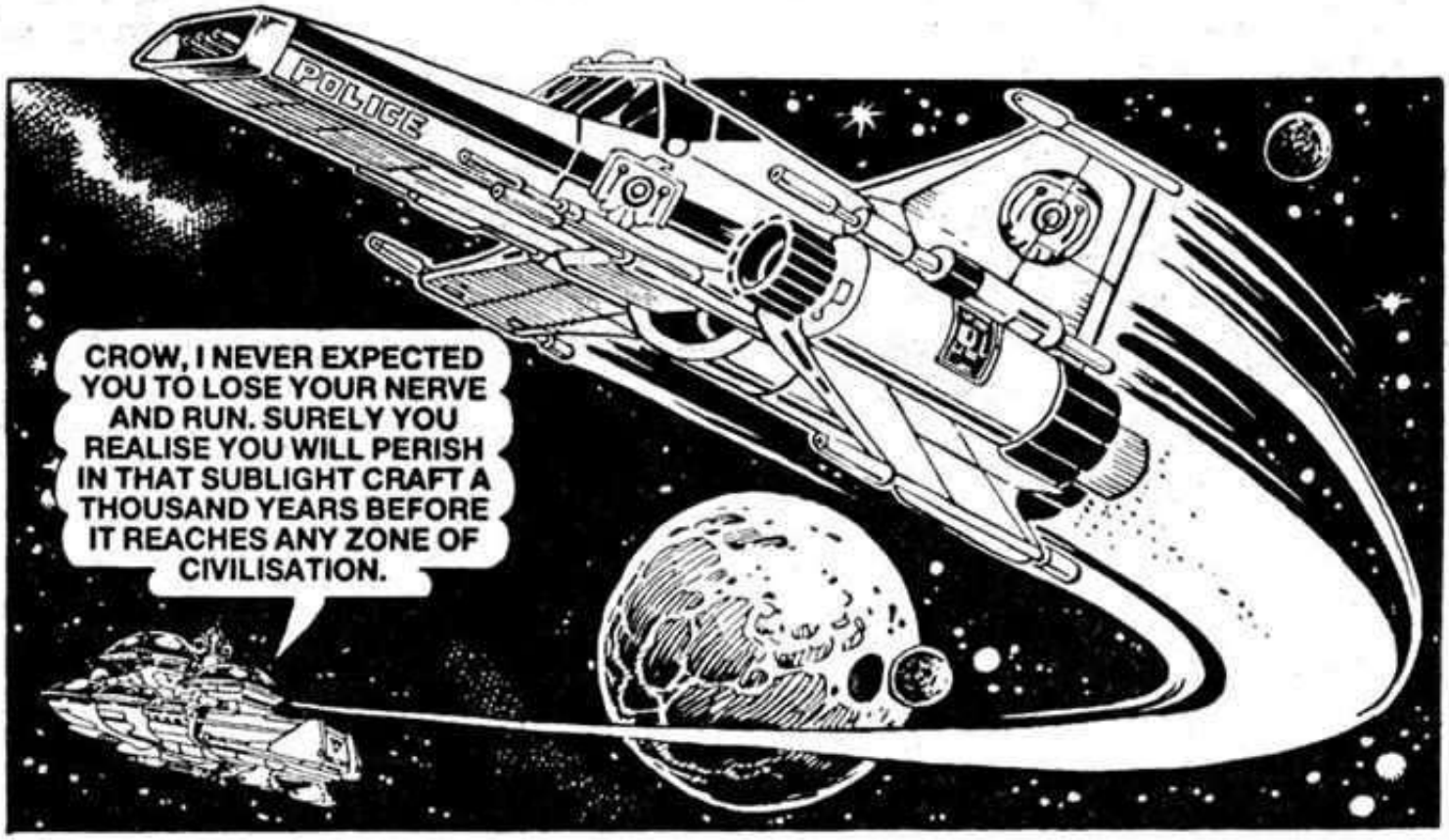
YOU'RE NOT GETTING AWAY, INDIAN!
EMERGENCY! CRACK THE OUTER PORTAL — AND DON'T WORRY ABOUT RECYCLING THE AIR.
IF YOU INSIST, BUT SO VERY WASTEFUL.
THAT MANIAC'S OPENED THE PORTAL ON US.
IT'S MURDER! LAWMEN AIN'T SUPPOSED TO DO THINGS LIKE THAT. OH NO — NO . . .

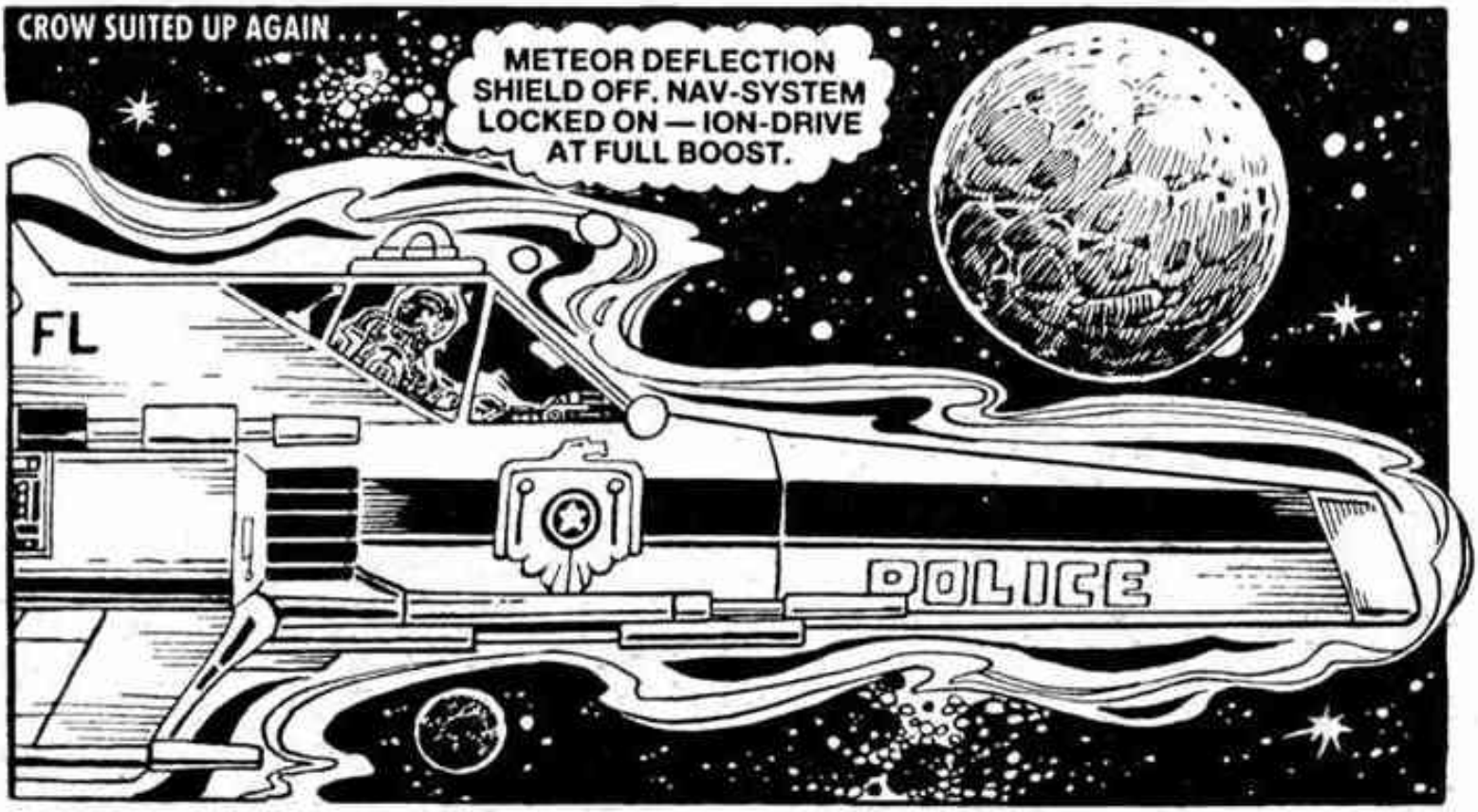
NO . . . OOOOOO!

NOW CLOSE THAT PORTAL AND FLOOD IN MORE AIR.

CROW TOOK OFF IN HIS POLICE SHUTTLE . . .
POLICE

THE COMPUTER WAS COMPLAINING—
THESE VARIOUS IRREGULARITIES WERE COMPOUNDED BY FAILURE TO ASK PERMISSION TO DEPART THE SHIP. NATURALLY I HAVE LOGGED A COMPLETE REPORT.
NATURALLY!


POLICE
CROW, I NEVER EXPECTED YOU TO LOSE YOUR NERVE AND RUN. SURELY YOU REALISE YOU WILL PERISH IN THAT SUBLIGHT CRAFT A THOUSAND YEARS BEFORE IT REACHES ANY ZONE OF CIVILISATION.

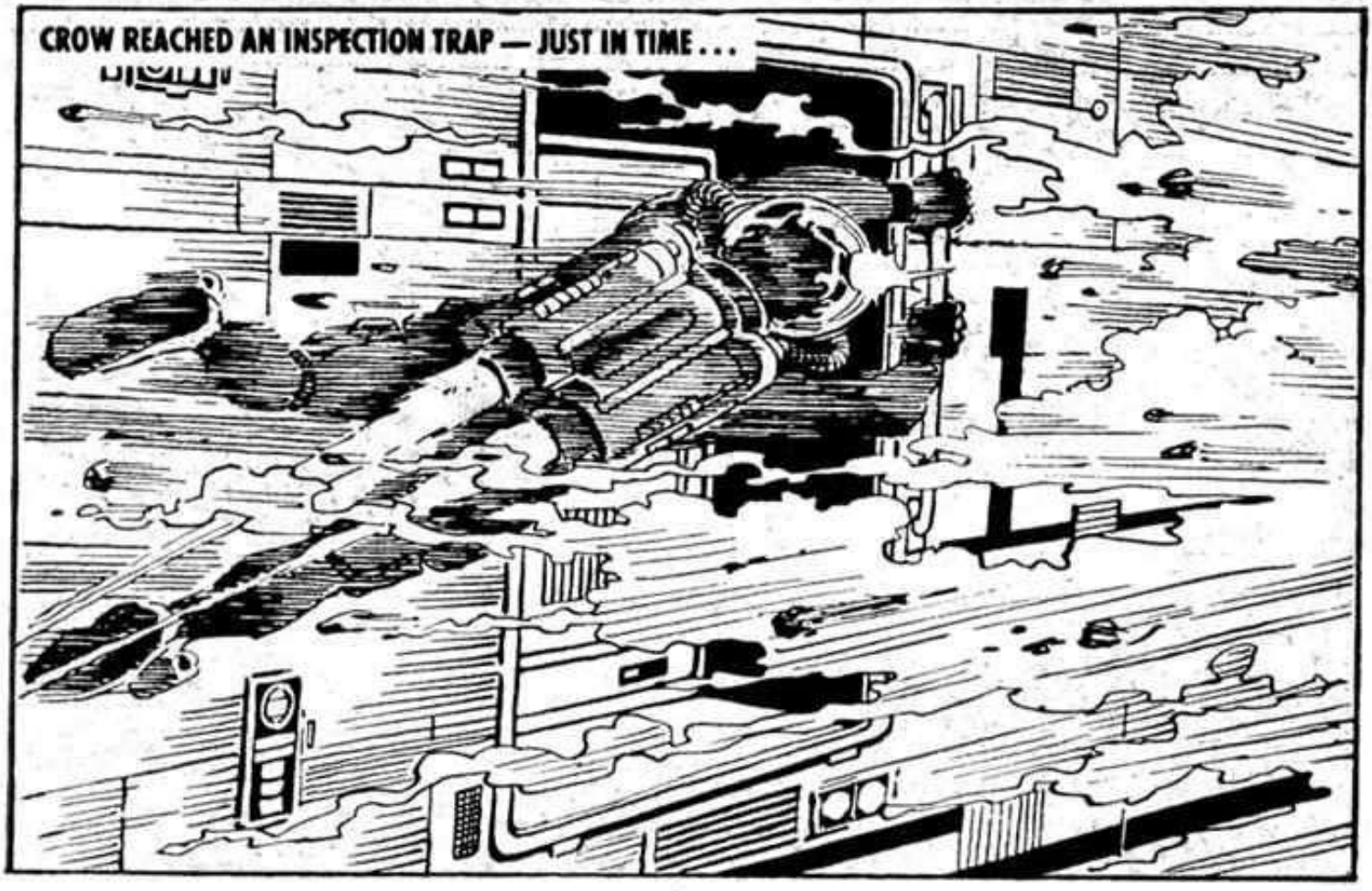

CROW SUITED UP AGAIN . . .
METEOR DEFLECTION SHIELD OFF. NAV-SYSTEM LOCKED ON — ION-DRIVE AT FULL BOOST.
FL
POLICE

NOW TO BACKPACK OFF THIS CRATE.

THE SHUTTLE'S HEADING STRAIGHT FOR MY FREIGHTER.
ON COLLISION COURSE. IMPACT SHOULD BE IN TWO STANDARD MINUTES.
BEER

EVADING ACTION — HURRY.
NO TIME. IT'S TOO CLOSE.

BETTER GET ABOARD THE STARLINER BEFORE THAT BLAST HITS ME.


CROW REACHED AN INSPECTION TRAP — JUST IN TIME . . .

INSPECTION TRAP AIRLOCK 63
LAWMAN, I LOST SIGHT OF YOU, I PRESUME YOU ARE BACK ABOARD. LET US TALK SENSIBLY ABOUT THIS SITUATION.
CROW SHED HIS SPACESUIT . . .
VERY WELL — YOU ARE THE DUTIFUL LAWMAN AND YOU WIN. I SURRENDER. I SEE NO POINT IN FIGHTING SUCH BLIND OBSTINACY.
YOU WILL FIND ME ON THE BRIDGE. I AM NOT ARMED.

YES, YOU ARE!
AH — THE AIR RECYCLING SYSTEM! I SHOULD HAVE GUESSED.

PARDON THE SMALL DECEPTION, CROW. I AM ARMED AND I DO NOT SURRENDER.
THEN I ASSUME YOU INTEND TO RESIST ARREST.

CROW WHIPPED HIS AXE FROM HIS WAISTBELT.
I ALSO AM ARMED!

URGHHHH!

FEDERAL FLEET ADMIRAL KARKOS RECEIVED A HYPERBEAM TRANSMISSION . . .
HUM! YOUR STORY SEEMS TO HOLD WATER. PROBLEM IS THAT STARLINER AND ALL ABOARD HAVE BEEN WRITTEN OFF AND WE ARE GOING TO LOOK FOOLISH IF THE NEWS GETS OUT.
THAT HAD CROSSED MY MIND — I HAVE A FULL REPORT READY FOR BEAMING TO ALL GALACTIC NEWS MEDIA AT THE FIRST HINT OF LETHAL ACTION AGAINST THIS SHIP.
CAN'T SAY I'M IMPRESSED BY THAT JUNIOR LAWMAN. ANY REASONABLE OFFICER WOULD HAVE GONE ALONG WITH HIS ORDERS INSTEAD OF CAUSING ALL THIS FUSS.
NOT THE RIGHT TYPE FOR THE SERVICE, SIR. TROUBLE IS THERE ARE REALLY NO GROUNDS FOR DISCHARGING HIM.

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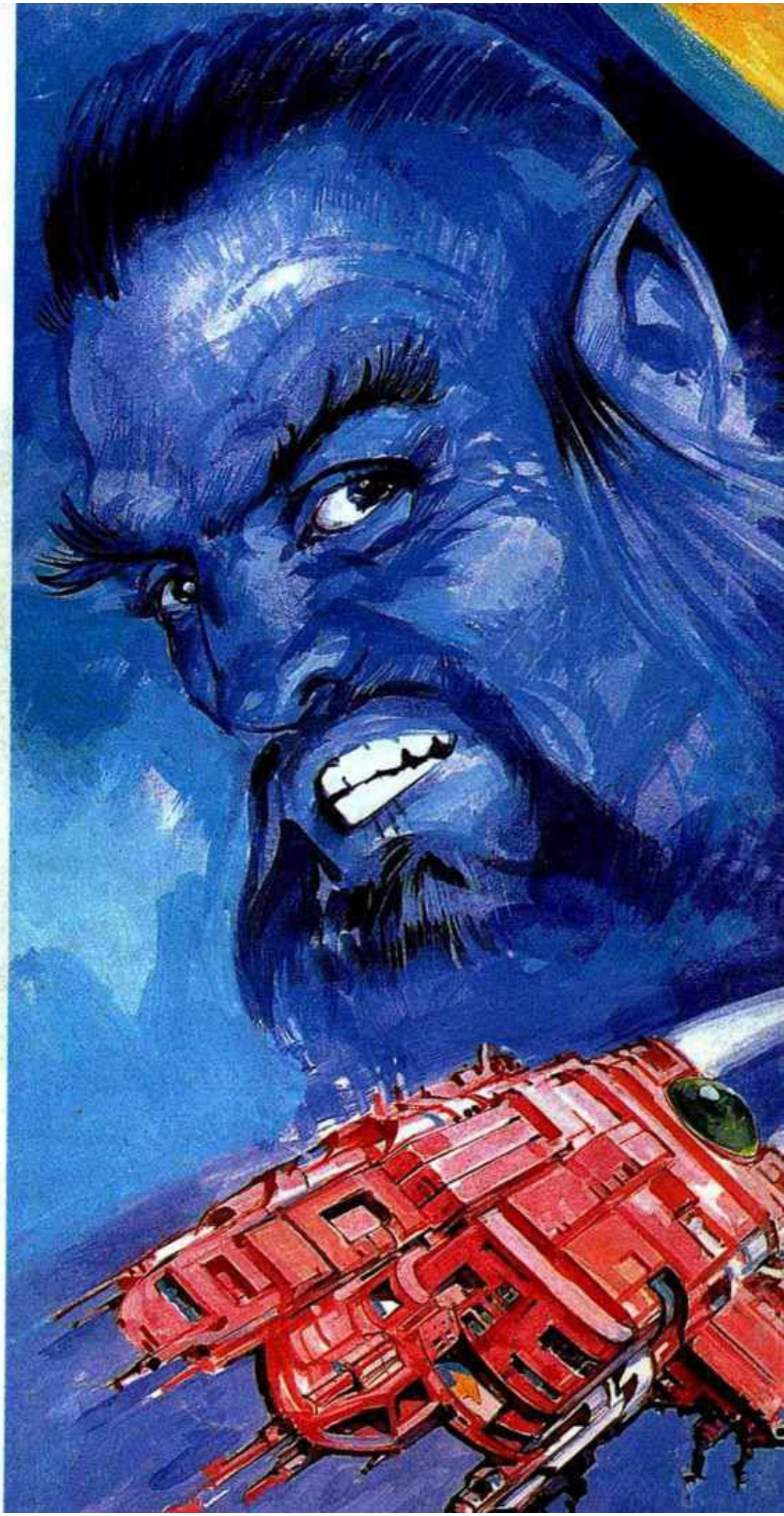
WARRIOR OF THE LAW

Lawman Geronimo Crow, a full-blooded Red Indian of the 25th Century, had a certain reputation for independent action. And it was a reputation that led to him doing a solo stint in deep space, trying to find an elusive supercrook with a lethal line in extortion. This made Mr Crow angry . . . angry enough for him to go on the warpath.